The North American Miscellany.

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POEMS OF GOLDSMITH.

We give this week two more illustrations, from an English designer, of the Poems of Goldsmith.

The Landscape is a sweet bit of English country scenery—enough to make one sigh, in this month of soft winds and sunshine, for brooks and trees.

Commending both to our readers as happy helps to the appreciation of a most favorite author, we run on to the ordinary miscellany of the week.

From "Punch."

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

With ganial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nympths of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made o' windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,
What power was lint
You to invint
This combineetion cristial.

O would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewoise the late Lord Boyron,
Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song
Cast oi, on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,
Which I, poor pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the birds
That roosts beneath the panes there;
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright tiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other saynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Paythers Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,
Victoria Great,
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians;
And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and Europian;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace!)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour MISTHER
H. COLE it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And looked the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints
And window paints,
By Maydiayval PUGIN;
Alhamborough JONES
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There's water-gods with urrns;
There's organs three,
To play, d'ye see,
"GOD save the QUEEN," by turrns.

There's Statues bright
Of marble white
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's staym Ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs;
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And elegant wheel-barrows.

For them genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge 'em;
There's Droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There's Cabs on Stands
And Shandthry danns;
There's Wagons from New York here;
There's Lapland Sleighs
Have crossed the seas,
And Jaunting Cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum!

Look, here's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco;
There's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay,
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite imminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There's coffins filled with roses;
There's canvas tints,
Teeth insthrumints
And shuits of clothes by MOSES.

There's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May time to Novimber!

Ah, JUDY thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it!
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
VICTORIA'S praise.
And ALBERT'S proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.

LAY your designs with wisdom, carry them on with resolution, and, let the result be what it may, you will have discharged your duty.

ALL great spirits are unconscious of the work they do. The earth puts forth the poetry of the season without an effort, and Genius partakes of the blindness of Nature.

SOME have more pleasure in the exercise of benevolence than others have in receiving benefits.

To scold servants at their work is not the best way to increase their diligence, or to get it well done.

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

THE BLIND LOVERS OF CHAMOUNY.

From the French of Charles Nodier.

It was during a second visit to the beautiful and melancholy valley of Chamouny, that I became acquainted with the following touching and interesting story. A complete change of ideas had become absolutely necessary for me, I sought therefore to kindle those emotions which must ever be awakened by the sublime scenes of Nature; my wearied heart required fresh excitement to divert it from the grief which was devouring it, and the melancholy grandeur of Chamouny seemed to present a singular charm to my then peculiar frame of mind.

Again I wandered through the graceful forest of fir-trees, which surrounds the Village des Bois, and this time with a new kind of pleasure; once more I beheld that little plain upon which the glaciers every now and then make an inroad, above which the peaks of the Alps rise so majestically, and which slopes so gently down to the picturesque source of the Arveyron. How I enjoyed gazing upon its portico of azure crystal, which every year wears a new aspect! On one occasion, when I reached this spot, I had not proceeded very far, when I perceived that Puck, my favorite dog, was not by my side. How could this have happened, for he would not have been induced to leave his master, even for the most dainty morsel; he did not answer to my call, and I began to feel uneasy, when suddenly the pretty fellow made his appearance, looking rather shy and uncomfortable, and yet with caressing confidence in my affection; his body was slightly curved, his eyes were humid and beseeching, he carried his head very low, so low, that his ears trailed upon the ground, like those of Zadig's dog; Puck, too, was a spaniel. If you had but seen Puck, in that posture, you would have found it impossible to be angry with him. I did not attempt to scold him, but nevertheless he continued to leave me, and return to me again; he repeated this amusement several times, while I followed in his track till I gradually came towards the point of his attraction; it appeared as if a similar kind of sympathy drew me to the same spot.

Upon a projection of a rock sat a young man, with a most touching and pleasing countenance; he was dressed in a sort of blue blouse, in the form of a tunic, and had a long stick of Cytisus in his hand; his whole appearance reminded me strongly of Poussin's antique shepherds. His light hair clustered in thick curls round his uncovered throat, and fell over his shoulders, his features wore an expression of gravity, but not of austerity, and he seemed sad though not desponding. There was a singular character about his eyes, the effect of which I could scarcely define: they were large and liquid, but their light was quenched, and they were fixed and unfathomable. The murmur of the wind had disguised the sound of my footsteps, and I soon became aware that I was not perceived. At length I felt sure that the young man was blind. Puck had closely studied the emotions which became visible in my face, but as soon as he discovered that I was kindly disposed towards his new friend, he jumped up to him. The young man stroked Puck's silky coat, and smiled good-naturedly at him.

"How is it that you appear to know me," said he, "for you do not belong to the valley? I once had a dog as full of play as you, and perhaps as pretty, but he was a French water spaniel, with a coat of curly wool; he has left me like many others, my last friend, my poor Puck."

"How curious! was your dog called Puck, too?"

"Ah, pardon me, sir," exclaimed the young man, rising, and supporting himself on his stick. "My infirmity must excuse me."

"Pray sit down, my good friend; you are blind, I fear?"

"Yes, blind since my infancy."

"Have you never been able to see?"

"Ah, yes, but for so very short a time! yet I have some recollection of the sun, and when I lift up my eyes towards the point in the heavens where it should be, I can almost fancy I see a globe which reminds me of its color. I have, too, a faint remembrance of the whiteness of the snow, and the hue of our mountains."

"Was it an accident which deprived you of your sight?"

"Yes, an accident which was the least of my misfortunes. I was scarcely more than

two years old, when an avalanche fell down from the heights of La Flégère, and crushed our little dwelling. My father, who was the guide among these mountains, had spent the evening at the Priory; you can easily picture to yourself his despair when he found his family swallowed up by this horrible scourge. By the aid of his comrades, he succeeded in making a hole in the snow, and was thus able to get into our cottage, the roof of which was still supported on its frail props. The first thing which met his eyes was my cradle; he placed this at once in safety, for the danger was rapidly increasing; the work of the miners caused fresh masses of ice to crumble, and served rather to hasten the overthrow of our fragile abode; he pushed forward to save my mother, who had fainted, and he was afterwards seen for a moment carrying her in his arms, by the light of the torches which burnt outside; and then all gave way. I was an orphan, and the next day it was discovered that my sight had been destroyed."

"Poor child! so you are left alone in the world, quite alone!"

"In our valley, a person visited by misfortune is never quite alone; all our good Chamouniers united in endeavoring to relieve my wretchedness: Balmat gave me shelter, Simon Coutet afforded me food, Gabriel Payot clothed me; and a good widow who had lost her children, undertook the care of me. She still performs a mother's part to me, and guides me to this spot every day in summer."

"And are these all the friends you have?"

"I have had more," said the young man, while he placed his finger on his lips in a mysterious manner, "but they are gone."

"Will they never come back again?"

"I should think not, from appearances; yet a few days ago I imagined that Puck would return, that he had only strayed; but nobody strays among our glaciers with impunity. I shall never feel him bound again at my side, or hear him bark at the approach of travellers," and he brushed away a tear.

"What is your name?"

"Gervais."

"Listen, Gervais; you must tell me about these friends whom you have lost;" at the same time I prepared to seat myself by his side, but he sprang up eagerly, and took possession of the vacant place.

"Not here, not here, sir; this is Eulalie's seat, and since her departure nobody has occupied it."

"Eulalie," replied I, seating myself in the place from which he had just risen; "tell me about Eulalie, and yourself; your story interests me."

Gervais proceeded:—

"I explained to you that my life had not been devoid of happiness, for Heaven compensates bountifully to those in misfortune, by inspiring good people with pity for their wretchedness. I lived in happy ignorance of the extent of my deprivation; suddenly, however, a stranger came to reside in the Village des Bois, and formed the topic of conversation in our valley. He was only known by the name of M. Robert, but the general opinion was, that he was a person of distinction, who had met with great losses and much sorrow, and consequently had resolved to pass his latter years in perfect solitude. He was said to have lost a wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; the result of their union, a little girl, had occasioned him much grief, for she was born blind. While the father was held up as a model for his virtues, the goodness and charms of his daughter were equally extolled. My want of sight prevented me from judging of her beauty, but could I have beheld her she could not have left a more lovely impression on my mind. I picture her to myself sometimes as even more interesting than my mother."

"She is dead, then?" inquired I.

"Dead!" replied he in an accent in which there was a strange mixture of terror and wild joy! "dead! who told you so?"

"Pardon me, Gervais, I did not know her; I was only endeavoring to find out the reason of your separation."

"She is alive," said he, smiling bitterly; and he remained silent for a moment. "I do not know whether I told you that she was called Eulalie. Yes, her name was Eulalie, and this was her place;" he broke off abruptly. "Eulalie," repeated he, while he stretched out his hand as if to find her by his side. Puck licked his fingers, and looked pityingly at him: I would not have parted from Puck for a million.

"Calm yourself, Gervais, and forgive me

for opening a wound which is scarcely yet healed. I can guess the rest of your story. The strange similarity of Eulalie's and your misfortune awakened her father's interest in you, and you became another child to him."

"Yes, I became another child to him, and Eulalie was a sister to me; my kind adopted mother and I went to take up our abode in the new house, which is called the Chateau. Eulalie's masters were mine; together we learned those divine strains of harmony which raise the soul to heaven, and together, by means of pages printed in relief, we read with our fingers the sublime thoughts of the philosophers, and the beautiful creations of the poets. I endeavored to imitate some of their graceful images, and to paint what I had not seen. Eulalie admired my verses, and this was all I desired. Ah! if you had heard her sing, you would have thought that an angel had descended to entrance the valley. Every day in the fine season we were conducted to this rock, which is called by the inhabitants of this part 'le Rocher des Aveugles;' here, too, the kindest of fathers guided our steps, and bestowed on us numberless fond attentions. Around us were tufts of rhododendrons, beneath us was a carpet of violets and daisies, and when our touch had recognized, by its short stalk and its velvety disk, the last-named flower, we amused ourselves in stripping it of its petals, and repeated a hundred times this innocent diversion, which served as a kind of interpretation to our first avowal of love."

As Gervais proceeded, his face acquired a mournful expression, a cloud passed over his brow, and he became suddenly sad and silent; in his emotion he trod unthinkingly upon an Alpine rose, which was, however, already withered on its stalk; I gathered it without his being aware of it, for I wished to preserve it in remembrance of him. Some minutes elapsed before Gervais seemed inclined to proceed with his narrative, and I did not like to speak to him: suddenly he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to drive away a disagreeable dream, and then turning towards me with an ingenuous smile, he continued.

"Be charitable to my weakness, for I am young, and have not yet learned to control the emotions of my heart; some day, perhaps, I shall be wiser."

"I fear, my good friend," said I, "that this conversation is too fatiguing for you; do not recall to your mind circumstances which appear so painful. I shall never forgive myself for occasioning you such an hour of grief."

"It is not you," replied Gervais, "who bring back these recollections, for these thoughts are never absent from my mind; and I would rather that it was annihilated than that they should ever cease to occupy it; my very existence is mixed up with my sorrow." I had retained Gervais's hand; he understood, therefore, that I was listening to him.

"After all, my reminiscences are not entirely made up of bitterness; sometimes I imagine that my present affliction is only a dream—that my real life is full of the happiness which I have lost. I fancy that she is still near me, only perhaps a little farther off than usual—that she is silent because she is plunged in deep meditation, of which our mutual love forms a principal part. One day we were seated as usual on this rock, and were enjoying the sweetness and serenity of the air, the perfume of our violets, and the song of the birds; upon this occasion we listened with a curious kind of pleasure to the masses of ice which, being loosened by the sun, shot hissingly down from the peaks of the mountain. We could distinguish the rushing of the waters of the Arveyron. I do not know how it was, but we were both suddenly impressed with a vague sensation of the uncertainty of happiness, and at the same time with a feeling of terror and uneasiness; we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and held each other tightly, as if somebody had wished to separate us, and both of us exclaimed eagerly, 'Ah, yes! let it be always thus, always thus.' I felt that Eulalie scarcely breathed, and that her overwrought state of mind required to be soothed. 'Yes, Eulalie, let us ever be thus to one another; the world believes that our misfortune renders us objects only of pity, but how can it possibly judge of the happiness that I enjoy in your tenderness, or that you find in mine? How little does the turmoil and excitement of society affect us; we may be regarded by many as imperfect beings, and this is quite natural, for they have not yet discovered that the perfection of happiness con-

sists in loving and in being loved. It is not your beauty which has captivated me, it is something which cannot be described when felt, nor forgotten when once experienced; it is a charm which belongs to you alone—which I can discover in your voice, in your mind, in every one of your actions. Oh! if ever I enjoyed sight, I would entreat God to extinguish the light of my eyes in order that I might not gaze at other women—that my thoughts might only dwell upon you. It is you who have rendered study pleasing to me—who have inspired me with taste for art: if the beauties of Rossini and Weber impressed me strongly, it was because you sang their glorious ideas. I can well afford to dispense with the superfluous luxuries of art, I who possess the treasure from which it would derive its highest price; for surely thy heart is mine, if not thou couldst not be happy.'

"'I am happy,' replied Eulalie, 'the happiest of girls.'

"'My dear children,' said M. Robert, while he joined our trembling hands, 'I hope you will always be equally happy, for it is my desire that you should never be separated.'

"M. Robert was never long absent from us; he was ever bestowing upon us marks of his tenderness. Upon this occasion he had reached the spot where we were seated without our having been aware of his presence, and he had heard us without intentionally listening. I did not feel that I was in fault, and yet I was overwhelmed, embarrassed. Eulalie trembled. M. Robert placed himself between us, for we had withdrawn a little from each other."

"'Why should it not be as you wish?' said he, as he threw his arms around us, and pressed us close together, and embraced us with more than usual warmth, 'Why not? Am I not sufficiently rich to procure you servants and friends. You will have children who will replace your poor old father; your infirmity is not hereditary. Receive my blessing, Gervais, and you, my Eulalie. Thank God, and dream of to-morrow, for the day which will shine upon us to-morrow will be beautiful even to the blind.'

"Eulalie embraced her father, and then threw her arms around me; for the first time my lips touched hers. This happiness was too great to be called happiness. I thought that my heart would burst; I wished to die at that moment, but, alas! I did not die. I do not know how happiness affects others, but mine was imperfect, for it was without hope or calmness. I could not sleep, or rather I did not attempt to sleep, for it seemed to me a waste of time, and that eternity would not be sufficiently long to enjoy the felicity which was in store for me; I almost regretted the past, which, though it lacked the delicious intoxication of the present moment, was yet free from doubts and fears. At length I heard the household stirring; I got up, dressed myself, performed my morning devotions, and then went to my window, which looked out upon the Arve. I opened it, stretched forth my head in the morning mists to cool my burning brow. Suddenly my door opened, and I recognized a man's footstep; it was not M. Robert; a hand took hold of mine—'M. Maunoir!' exclaimed I.

"It was a great many years since he had been to the Valley; but the sound of his footstep, the touch of his hand, and something frank and affectionate in his manner, brought him back to my remembrance.

"'It is indeed he,' observed M. Maunoir, in a faltering voice, to some one near him, 'it is indeed my poor Gervais. You remember what I said to you about it at that time.' He then placed his fingers on my eyelids, and kept them up for a few seconds. 'Ah,' said he, 'God's will be done! You are happy, at any rate, are you not, Gervais?'

"'Yes, very happy,' replied I. 'M. Robert considers that I have profited by all his kindness; I assure you I can read as well as a person who is gifted with sight; above all, Eulalie loves me.'

"'She will love you, if possible, still more if she should one day be able to see you.'

"'If she sees me, did you say?'

"I thought he alluded to that eternal home where the eyes of the blind are opened, and darkness visits them no more.

"My mother, as was her custom, brought me here, but Eulalie had not arrived; she was later than usual. I began to wonder how this could have happened. My poor little Puck went to meet her, but he returned to me again without her. At length he began to bark violently, and to jump so impatiently up and down on the bench, that I

felt sure that she must be near me, though I could not hear her myself. I stretched myself forward in the direction she would come, and presently my arms were clasped in hers. M. Robert had not accompanied her as usual, and then I began at once to feel sure that his absence, and Eulalie's delay in reaching our accustomed place of rendezvous, was to be attributed to the presence of strangers at the Chateau. You will think it very extraordinary when I tell you that Eulalie's arrival, for which I had so ardently longed, filled me with a restless sensation, which had hitherto been unknown to me. I was not at ease with Eulalie as I had been the day before. Now that we belonged to each other, I did not dare to make any claim on her kindness: it seemed to me that her father, in bestowing her on me, had imposed a thousand restrictions; I felt as if I might not indulge in a word or caress; I was conscious that she was more than ever mine, and yet I did not venture to embrace her. Perhaps she experienced the same feelings, for our conversation was at first restrained, like that of persons who are not much acquainted with each other; however, this state of things could not last long, the delicious happiness of the past day was still fresh in our minds. I drew near to Eulalie, and sought her eyes with my lips, but they met a bandage.

"'You are hurt, Eulalie?'

"'A little hurt,' replied she, 'but very slightly, since I am going to spend the day with you, as I am in the habit of doing; and that the only difference is, that there is a green ribbon between your mouth and my eyes.'

"'Green! green! Oh, God! what does that mean? What is a green ribbon?'

"'I have seen,' said she, 'I can see,' and her hand trembled in mine, as if she had apprised me of some fault or misfortune.

"'You have seen,' exclaimed I, 'you will see! Oh! unfortunate creature that I am! Yes, you will see, and the glass which has hitherto been to you a cold and polished surface, will reflect your living image; its language, though mute, will be animated; it will tell you each day that you are beautiful! and when you return to me it will make you entertain only one feeling towards me, that of pity for my misfortunes. Yet what do I say? you will not return to me; for who is the beautiful girl who would bestow her affection on a blind lover? Oh! unfortunate creature that I am to be blind; in my despair I fell to the earth; she wound her arms round me, twined her fingers in my hair, and covered me with kisses, while she sobbed like a child.

"'No, no! I will never love any one but Gervais. You were happy yesterday, in thinking we were blind, because our love would never be likely to change. I will be blind again, if my recovery of sight makes you unhappy. Shall I remove this bandage, and cause the light of my eyes to be for ever extinguished? Horrible idea, I had actually thought of it.'

"'Stop, stop,' cried I, 'our language is that of madness, because we are both unnerved and ill,—you from excess of happiness, and I from despair. Listen,' and I placed myself beside her, but my heart felt ready to break. 'Listen,' continued I, 'it is a great blessing that you are permitted to see, for now you are perfect; it matters not, if I do not see, or if I die; I shall be abandoned, for this is the destiny which God has reserved for me; but promise me that you will never see me; that you will never attempt to see me; if you see me, you will, in spite of yourself, compare me to others,—to those whose soul, whose thoughts may be read in their eyes, to those who set a woman fondly dreaming with a single glance of fire. I would not let it be in your power to compare me; I would be to you what I was in the mind of a little blind girl, as if you saw me in a dream. I want you to promise me that you will never come here without your green bandage; that you will visit me every week, or every month, or at least once every year;—ah! promise me to come back once more, without seeing me.'

"'I promise to love you always,' said Eulalie, and she wept.

"I was so overcome that my senses left me, and I fell at her feet. M. Robert lifted me from the ground, bestowed many kind words and embraces upon me, and placed me under the care of my adopted mother. Eulalie was no longer there; she came the next day, and the day after, and several days following, and each day my lips touched the green bandage which kept up my delusion; I fancied I should continue to be the

same to her as long as she did not see me. I said to myself with an insane kind of rapture, 'My Eulalie still visits me without seeing me; she will never see me, and therefore I shall be always loved by her.' One day, a little while after this, when she came to visit me, and my lips sought her eyes as usual, they, in wandering about, encountered some long silky eyelashes beneath her green bandage.

"'Ah! exclaimed I, 'if you were likely to see me.'

"'I have seen you,' said she, laughingly; what would have been the good of sight to me, if I had not looked upon you? Ah! vain fellow, who dares set limits to a woman's curiosity, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the light?'

"'But it is impossible, Eulalie, for you promised me.'

"'I did not promise you any thing, dearest, for when you asked me to make you this promise, I had already seen you.'

"'You had seen me, and yet you continued to come to me; that is well; but whom did you see first?'

"'M. Maunoir, my father, Julie, then this great world, with its trees and mountains, the sky and the sun.'

"'And whom have you seen since?'

"'Gabriel Payot, old Balmat, the good Terraz, the giant Cachat, and Marguerite.'

"'And nobody else?'

"'Nobody.'

"'How balmy the air is this evening! take off your bandage, or you may become blind again.'

"'Would that grieve me so much? I tell you again and again, that the chief happiness I have in seeing, is to be able to look at you, and to love you through the medium of another sense. You were pictured in my soul as you now are in my eyes. This faculty, which has been restored to me, serves but as another link to bring me closer to your heart; and this is why I value the gift of sight.'

"These words I shall never forget. My days now flowed calmly on and happily, for hope so easily seduces; our mode of life was considerably changed, and Eulalie endeavored to make me prefer excitement and variety of amusement, instead of the tranquil enjoyment which had formerly charmed us. After some little time I thought I observed that the books which she selected for reading to me were of a different character to those she used to like; she seemed now to be more pleased with those writers who painted the busy scenes of the world, she unconsciously showed great interest in the description of a fête, in the numerous details of a woman's toilet, and in the preparations for, and the pomps of, a ceremony. At first I did not imagine that she had forgotten that I was blind, so that though this change chilled, it did not break my heart. I attributed the alteration in her taste, in some measure, to the new aspect things had assumed at the Chateau; for since M. Maunoir had performed one of the miracles of his art upon Eulalie, M. Robert was naturally much more inclined to enjoy society and the luxuries which fortune had bestowed upon him; and as soon as his daughter was restored to him in all the perfection of her organization, and the height of her beauty, he sought to assemble, at the Chateau, the numerous travellers that the short summer season brought to the neighborhood.

"The winter came at length, and M. Robert told me, after slightly preparing me, that he was going to leave me for a few days, —for a few days at the most,—he assured me that he only required time to procure and get settled in a house at Geneva, before he would send for me to join them; he told me that Eulalie was to accompany him; and, at length, that he intended to pass the winter at Geneva; the winter, which would so soon be over, which had already began. I remained mute with grief. Eulalie wound her arms affectionately round my neck. I felt they were cold and hung heavily on me; if my memory still serves me she bestowed on me all kinds of endearing and touching appellations; but all this was like a dream. After some hours I was restored to my senses, and then my mother said, 'Gervais, they are gone, but we shall remain at the Chateau.' From that time I have little or nothing to relate.

"In the month of October she sent me a ribbon with some words printed in relief, they were these:—'This ribbon is the green ribbon which I wore over my eyes—it has never left me; I send it you.' In the month of November, which was very beautiful, some servants of the house brought me several presents from her father, but I did not in-

quire about them. The snow sets in in December, and, oh! heavens, how long that winter was! January, February, March, April, were centuries of calamities and tempests. In the month of May the avalanches fell everywhere except on me. When the sun peeped forth a little, I was guided, by my wish, to the road which led to Bossons, for this was the way the muleteers came; at length, one arrived, but with no news for me; and then another, and after the third I gave up all hope of hearing from my absent friends; I felt that the crisis of my fate was over. Eight days after, however, a letter from Eulalie was read to me; she had spent the winter at Geneva, and was going to pass the summer at Milan. My poor mother trembled for me, but I smiled; it was exactly what I expected. And now, sir, you know my story, it is simply this, that I believed myself loved by a woman, and I have been loved by a dog. Poor Puck!" Puck jumped on the blind man.

"Ah!" said he, "you are not my Puck, but I love you because you love me."

"Poor fellow," cried I, "you will be loved by another, though not by her, and you will love in return; but listen, Gervais, I must leave Chamouny, and I shall go to Milan. I will see her. I will speak to Eulalie, I swear to you, and then I will return to you. I, too, have some sorrows which are not assuaged; some wounds which are not yet healed." Gervais sought for my hand, and pressed it fervently. Sympathy in misfortune is so quickly felt. "You will, at least, be comfortably provided for; thanks to the care of your protector, your little portion of land has become very fruitful, and the good Chamouniers rejoice in your prosperity. Your prepossessing appearance will soon gain you a mistress, and will enable you to find a friend."

"And a dog?" replied Gervais.

"Ah! I would not give mine for your valley or mountains if he had not loved you, but now I give him to you."

"Your dog!" exclaimed he. "Your dog; ah! he cannot be given away."

"Adieu, Gervais!"

I did not speak to Puck, or he would have followed me; as I was moving on I saw Puck looked uneasy and ashamed; he drew back a step, stretched out his paws, and bent down his head to the ground. I stroked his long silky coat, and with a slight pang at my heart, in which there was no feeling of anger, I said, "Go." He flew back to Gervais like an arrow. Gervais will not be alone at any rate, thought I.

A few days afterwards I found myself at Milan. I was not in spirits for enjoying society, yet I did not altogether avoid mixing in it; a crowded room is, in its way, a vast solitude, unless you are so unfortunate a person as to stumble upon one of those never-tiring tourists whom you are in the habit of meeting occasionally on the Boulevards at Tortoni's, or with whom you have gaped away an hour at Favert's, one of those dressed-up puppies with fashionable cravat and perfumed hair, who stares through an eye-glass, with the most perfect assurance imaginable, and talk at the highest pitch of their voice.

"What! are you here?" cried Roberville.

"Is it you?" replied I. He continued to chatter, but his words were unheeded by me, for my eyes suddenly fixed upon a young girl of extraordinary beauty; she was sitting alone, and leaning against a pillar in a kind of melancholy reverie.

"Ah! ah!" said Roberville, "I understand; your taste lies in that direction. Well, well, really in my opinion you show considerable judgment. I once thought of her myself, but now I have higher views."

"Indeed," replied I, as I gazed at him from head to foot, "you do not say so."

"Come, come," said Roberville, "I perceive your heart is already touched, you are occupied only with her; confess that it would have been a sad pity if those glorious black eyes had never been opened to the light."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? why, that she was born blind. She is the daughter of a rich merchant of Anvers, and his only child; he lost his wife very young, and was plunged in consequence in the profoundest grief."

"Do you believe it?"

"I should think so, for he quitted Anvers, gave up his mercantile pursuits, which had never been more profitable to him than at that time, and, after making magnificent presents to those persons employed in his service, and pensions to his servants, left his house and occupation."

"And what became of him afterwards?" said I, somewhat impatiently, for my curiosity was gradually increasing.

"Oh! it's a romance, a perfect romance. This good man retired to Chamouny, where we have all been once in our life, for the sake of saying that we have been, though, for my part, I can never understand the charms of its melancholy grandeur, and there he remained several years. Have you never heard him mentioned? let me see, it's a plebeian name—M. Robert, that's it."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," continued he, "an oculist succeeded in restoring his daughter's sight. Her father took her to Geneva, and at Geneva she fell in love with an adventurer, who carried her off because her father would not have him for a son-in-law."

"Her father felt that he was unworthy of her," said I.

"Yes, and he had formed a correct opinion of him; for no sooner had they reached Milan than the adventurer disappeared, with all the gold and diamonds of which he had been able to possess himself: it was asserted that this gallant gentleman was already married, and that he had incurred capital punishment at Padua, so that the law punished him."

"And M. Robert?"

"Oh, M. Robert died of grief; but this affair did not create a great sensation, for he was a very singular man, who had some extraordinary ideas; one of the absurd plans he had formed was, to marry his daughter to a blind youth."

"Oh, the poor girl!"

"She is not much to be pitied either: but look at her instead of talking of her, and confess that she has many advantages, with two hundred thousand francs a year, and such a pair of eyes!"

"Eyes, eyes, curses rest upon her eyes, for they have been her ruin!" There is a leaven of cruelty in my composition, and I like to make those who have caused others suffering, suffer in their turn. I fixed one of those piercing looks upon Eulalie, which, when they do not flatter a woman, make her heart sink within her; she raised herself from the pillar, against which she was leaning, and stood motionless and tremblingly before me. I went up to her slowly, and whispered, "Gervais."

"Who?"

"Gervais."

"Ah, Gervais," replied she, while she placed her hand before her eyes.

The scene was so singular that it would have shaken the nerves of the most composed person, for my appearance there was altogether so sudden, my acquaintance with her history so extraordinary.

"Ah, Gervais," exclaimed I, vehemently seizing her at the same time by the arm, "what have you done to him?" She sank to the ground in a swoon. I never heard any more of her from that memorable night.

I entered Savoy by Mount St. Bernard, and again found myself once more in the valley of Chamouny. Again I sought the rock where Gervais was accustomed to sit, but though it was his usual hour for sitting there, he was not to be seen. I came up to the old spot, and discovered his stick of Cytisus, and perceiving that it was ornamented with a piece of green ribbon, on which were some words printed in relief, the circumstance of his leaving this behind him made me feel very uneasy. I called Gervais, loudly; a voice repeated Gervais; it seemed to me like an echo; I turned round, and beheld Marguerite, leading a dog by a chain. They stopped, and I recognized Puck, though he did not know me, for he seemed occupied by some idea; for he sniffed his nose in the air, raised his ears, and stretched forth his paws as if he was going to start off.

"Alas, sir," said Marguerite, "have you met with Gervais?"

"Gervais," replied I, "where is he?" Puck looked at me as if he understood what I had said; he stretched himself towards me, as far as his chain would permit; I stroked him with my hand; the poor thing licked my fingers and then remained still.

"I remember now, sir, that it was you who gave him this dog to console him for one which he had lost, a little while before you came here; this poor animal had not been eight days in the valley before he lost his sight like his master."

I lifted up Puck's silky head, and discovered that he was indeed blind. Puck licked my hand, and then howled.

"It was because he was blind," said Marguerite, "that Gervais would not take him with him yesterday."

"Yesterday, Marguerite! what, has he not been home since yesterday?"

"Ah, sir, that is exactly what astonishes us all so much. Only think, on Sunday, in the midst of a tremendous storm, a gentleman came to the Valley; I could have declared he was an English milord; he wore a straw hat covered with ribbons."

"Well, but what has all this to do with Gervais?"

"While I was running to fetch some fagots to make a fire for drying M. Roberville's clothes, he remained with Gervais. M. de Roberville! yes, that was his name. I do not know what he said, but yesterday Gervais was so melancholy; he, however, seemed more anxious than ever to go to the rock; indeed he was in such a hurry that I had scarcely time to throw his blue cloak over his shoulders; and I think I told you that the evening before was very cold and damp. 'Mother,' said he, as we went along, 'be so kind as to prevent Puck from following me, and take charge of him; his restlessness inconveniences me sometimes, and if he should pull his chain out of my hand, we should not be able to find each other again perhaps.'"

"Alas, Gervais!" cried I, "my poor Gervais!"

"Oh, Gervais! Gervais, my son! my little Gervais!" sobbed the poor woman.

Puck gnawed his chain, and jumped impatiently about us.

"If you were to set Puck at liberty, perhaps he might find Gervais," said I.

The chain was unfastened, and before I had time to see that Puck was free, he darted off, and the next moment I heard the sound of a body falling into the depths of the Arveyron. "Puck! Puck!" shouted I; but when I reached the spot, the little dog had disappeared, and all that could be seen was a blue mantle floating on the surface of the waters.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

PANAMA TO CHAGRES.

That till the present moment so little should have been done to form a regular communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the Isthmus of Panama, is a marvel only to be accounted for by the fact, that the mission of the Spanish race seems to be to retard every thing that is useful. Balboa, with his conquering band, crossed the Isthmus to the Pacific in 1513; and after more than three hundred years the route across the narrow track of land lies in a condition of nature. In 1698, the Scotch, as is well known, attempted to colonize the Isthmus at Darien on the Atlantic side; but though taking valid possession, the jealousy of the English interfered so as to ruin the rising settlement—a circumstance now greatly to be lamented, for a more liberal policy would long since have made the route to Panama the highway of British commerce.

Relieved from the competition of the Scotch, the Spaniards carried on an intercourse from Panama to Portobello, partly by land, and partly by taking advantage of rivers on both sides; and by this line the treasures of Peru were shipped for Europe. But the discovery of the more easy route by Cape Horn soon caused Portobello and Panama to be comparatively deserted. In short, the difficulties of no more than forty-three miles of land and river travel were so great, that a sea-voyage of several thousand miles was found to be preferable.

A few years ago it was the fate of the writer of this to cross from Panama to the east coast; and as the route pursued was pretty much that which is now pointed out as preferable by Colonel Lloyd, a few words respecting the aspect of the country may not be unacceptable.

On glancing at a map of America, it will be seen that the neck of land here alluded to is narrowest where it joins the southern continent; and it is at this point that Panama on the one side, and Portobello on the other, are situated. A river, the Chagres, falls into the sea at the port of Chagres, which is at no great distance from Portobello. On the opposite side, at Panama, a river falls into the Pacific. From the head waters of the two rivers, the distance is only six miles; and here the ground rises to a height of 2600 feet above the level of the ocean. This patch of hilly ground is the main engineering difficulty. Cruces and Gorgona may be called two village-stations on the route.

Let us now cross the Isthmus, and see its forests, streams, and people; let us take a glance at the wild route by which thousands of emigrants are at present weekly hurrying to the land of gold. Arriving in the Bay of

Panama, an offshoot of the Pacific, you may be supposed to have started from your crowded, uncomfortable berth with the blessed news in your ears that you are now entering Panama Bay; and on reaching the deck the mists of morning are lifting off the waters, and an island rises before you, with hills rising in terraces of luxuriant vegetation to the height of a thousand feet. Palms, cocoa, and banana-trees stretch in unbroken masses from its summit to the sea. A village, with an unfailing spring of sweet water, from which all the vessels touching at Panama are supplied, appears in a sheltered nook beside a cocoa grove. It is the island of Taboga, which is to Panama what Capri is to Naples, only far more beautiful. So deep is the water around it, that you pass within a stone's throw of the gardens of orange and tamarind fringing the beach. All around you now spreads the bay, surrounded by green undulating hills, and its sparkling swells ridden by flocks of snow-white pelicans. To your right, in the distance, are seen the decaying walls of a fort, stretching for a full mile along the shore; in front are some volcanic islets, steep and matted with foliage, which, seen through a golden mist, present a dreamy and pleasing feature in the vista, while beyond the rays of the morning sun fall in burnished tints on the solid stone-walls of the town. Enormous canoes, paddled by half-clad negroes, approach the ship, and convey you over the shallows to the beach.

Passing through the once massive but now crumbling boundary-walls of Panama, you enter its narrow, shady streets, and emerge in the Plaza or great square. Here grass is growing over the pavement, and, lounging at the door of the guardhouse, you see some wretched-looking soldiers, without shoes or stockings. Men and things alike speak of degeneracy and decay. The cathedral is a wreck; not a third of the handsome stone churches are now in use; and even the private houses are not exempt from decay. Some of the decaying buildings are exceedingly picturesque, being partially covered with ivy and vines; whilst, rising far above the walls, are to be seen countless tropical plants and flowers. Most exquisite of these are the ruins of the Jesuit church of San Felipe, which reminds one of the Baths of Caracalla. The majestic arches spanning the nave are laden with a wilderness of shrubbery and wild vines, which fall like a fringe to the very floor. The building is roofless; but daylight can scarcely steal on through the embowering leaves. Several bells, of a sweet silvery ring, are propped up by beams in a dark corner; but from the look of the place, ages seem to have passed since they called the crafty brotherhood to the *oracion*. A splendid college, left incomplete many years ago, fronts in one of the plazas. Its Corinthian pillars and pilasters of red sandstone are broken and crumbling; and from the crevices at their base spring luxuriant bananas, shooting their large leaves through the windows, and folding them around the columns of the gateway. So rapid, yet so beautiful is decay in the tropics! The private dwellings are lofty, with projecting eaves, sometimes with verandas in front, and always whitewashed. Many of them have *patios*, or inner courts, as in Old Spain; the rooms are of great height and spaciousness, the walls very solid; and though the woodwork is almost all rotten or torn away, a comparatively small outlay of money would put the town in complete repair. Some Yankees have lately established a few hotels and eating-houses; and when a fit road shall have been made across the Isthmus, this neglected place will assume a charming appearance.

Few persons of pure Spanish descent are here to be seen—and the fewer the better, considering their notions and habits. The oppressed are now masters. Four-fifths of the population are of the negro race; smaller in their proportions, but infinitely less repulsive in appearance than those of the United States. They are the carriers of the place, and are by far the hardiest and most muscular race on the Isthmus. With their legs and feet bare, and nothing but a cloth around their loins, they carry enormous burdens, stepping along the toilsome and uneven roads with wonderful strength and dexterity. They all bear on their hard and wrinkled faces the stamp of overtaxed strength; but they seem content with their lot, and will doubtless regret the formation of a better route, as tending to lessen the value of their services. You hire one of them to carry your luggage, and a skeleton mule for yourself, and set out on your overland journey.

For a short time after leaving Panama, it is pleasant enough travelling, the narrow road being paved with large regularly-cut stone, the remains of the old Spanish highway across the Isthmus; then comes abundance of sand; then the road again, but this time a Via Mala indeed. Numbers of stone-flags have sunk from their places, every cavity is filled with mud and water; and it needs incessant and fatiguing exertion to prevent your mule floundering into these pitfalls and quagmires. So execrable is the road, that all female passengers have to don male attire, and stick to their mules as they best can: and the spectacle is by no means uncommon of lady-emigrants perambulating Panama for a day or two thus strangely attired, having outstripped their luggage. At the neck of the Isthmus, where you are crossing, the Cordillera is interrupted by some remarkable breaks or nearly level spaces. The road passes over the projecting spurs of the main chain, and through dense forests your spent mule reaches the highest ridge. Do not expect the view of a sea on either hand. Above you spreads a roof of transparent green, through which few rays of the sunlight fall—the only sounds, the chattering of monkeys as they crack the palm-nuts, and the scream of parrots flying from tree to tree. In the deepest ravines spent mules lie dying or dead; and perched on the boughs overhead, the bald vultures wait silently for you to pass. Clefts and gullies, swamps and thickets, seem to render the way impassable; but your mule is steady and sure-footed. He slides down almost precipitous banks, bringing up all straight at the bottom—though more than once you go over his head. No fear of him running away: he stands like a brick till you remount, and then resumes his deliberate pace.

A twenty miles' ride brings you, thoroughly tired, to the mud-plastered cane-houses of Cruces—a miserable place. The houses are so irregularly scattered, that but a small portion of the town bears any resemblance to a street; and the whole population is under 900. You are glad next morning when you prepare to leave it; for the place is dirty, the climate unhealthy, and prices quite on the Californian scale—two dollars for a plate of meat, and two more for cooking it! The worst of the journey is now over, for you here exchange your mule for a canoe, and the execrable road for the gliding bosom of the Rio Chagres. At first the current is rapid, and as your negro boatmen leisurely ply their broad paddles, they keep time to the Ethiopian melodies they have picked up from the emigrants. To keep up the excitement, the brandy bottle is handed round; and so, after much pulling, laughing, and singing, we arrive at Gorgona, at which the river Chagres assumes a respectable breadth.

The arrival at Gorgona is about dusk; yet there is sufficient light to see a number of empty canoes moored to the bank, by which you understand that a body of upstream emigrants have already landed, and that the ship which brought them awaits you at the mouth of the river. The sound of wooden drums proclaims a fandango. You are not tired, and proceed to the rendezvous. The aristocracy of the little place have met in the alcalde's house; the *plebs* on a level green before one of the huts. The dances within doors and without are the same, but there is some attempt at style by the former class. The ladies are dressed in white and pink, with flowers in their hair, and waltz with a slow grace to the music of violins and guitars. The alcalde's daughters are rather pretty, and great favorites with the Americans—some of whom join in the fandango, and go through its voluptuous mazes at the first trial, to the great delight of the natives. There is less sentiment but more jollity at the dances on the grass, though the music there is certainly deficient. The only accompaniment to the wooden drums is the "na, na, na," of the women—a nasal monotone, which few ears have nerve to endure. Those who dance longest, and with the most voluptuous spirit, have the hats of all the others piled upon them in token of applause. These half-barbarous orgies are seen in the pure and splendid light poured down upon the landscape from a vertical moon; and for long the dazzling beams and the laughing shouts of the dancers scare away sleep from your comfortless roosting-place.

Next morning you again embark, and after about an hour's sail your canoe rounds the foot of Monte Carabali, a bold peak, clothed with forests and surmounted with a single splendid palm, and whose summit is the only one in the province from which both seas

may be seen at once. The sun shines highly and hotly, and lying back under the palm-leaf thatch that shades the canoe's stern, you watch the shifting scenery through which you are swiftly gliding. Here and there a solitary crocodile is seen basking in the sun, while on either bank the foliage seems alive with parrots, macaws, and monkeys. Nothing in the world is comparable to the forests of the Rio Chagres. The river, broad and with a swift current of the sweetest water you ever drank, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of eternal summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass, that the eye is bewildered. Blossoms of crimson, purple, and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the north, are mingled with the leaves; and flocks of paroquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air, like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth like the tongue of a serpent, from the heart of some convolution of unfolding leaves; and often the gorgeous creepers and parasites drop trails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half way across the river. Every turn of the stream only discloses another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough, and blossom. All outline of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; lowland and highland are the same: a mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean, you have sense rather than a perception of beauty. The sharp clear outlines of our home scenery are here wanting. What shape the land would be if cleared, you cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never-sated delight, till your brain aches with the sensation; and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been from the beginning—that year after year takes away no leaf or blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed for ever.

Caoutchouc grows in the forests, and your boatmen wear dresses of waterproof without fold or seam, but allowing free play to the limbs and muscles. It is a bountiful provision of nature to grow that substance in the region where it is most needed. As you sit gazing over the stern, a sudden cold wind comes over the forests, and the air is at once darkened. You hear the rush and roar of the rain as it comes towards you like the trampling of a myriad of feet on the leaves. Shooting under a broad sycamore, your boatmen make fast to the boughs, and the next instant the rain breaks over you as if the sky had caved in. A dozen lines of white electric heat run down from the zenith, followed by crashes of thunder, which you feel throbbing in the very water beneath you. Wrapped in waterproof, you wait in your cool green shelter till the storm blows past.

After six or seven hours' sailing, you reach Chagres at the mouth of the river. The population here, about a thousand in all, consists almost wholly of negroes, the dirtiest and most indolent of their race. Of all filthy towns this is the filthiest. The houses or rather huts are built of cane; pigs and naked children run at large in the streets; and you cannot walk through any part of it without sinking up to the ankles in mud. Such is the impression the place gives one, that two persons, who had sold off their whole property in the States, with the intention of settling in California, had no sooner set eyes on Chagres than they determined on returning home—one of them declaring that nothing on earth would induce him to cross the Isthmus. The climate, moreover, is very deleterious; the sun is blazing down on the swampy shores; and you joyfully embark on board the vessel that awaits you in the shallow bay, round the high bluff on which the old castle stands, and then, Hurrah for home! wherever that may be.

Pathless and featureless as this forest route may seem, the United States' engineers have already surveyed it, and marked a line for a "plank" railway. But the great line of transit, the "pathway of the oceans," will be some two hundred and fifty miles farther north, where the San Juan river falls into the Caribbean sea. The proposed route lies up that river into the Lake of Nicaragua, then up a small stream into Lake Leon, from whence to the Pacific is a distance of only ten miles, which will be passed by railway. Or else, diverge from this route at half way up Lake Nicaragua, and strike across the level country (only sixteen miles) to the deep Gulf of Papagayo,

where ships of the largest tonnage can anchor close to the shore. This line is being carefully considered by American and British engineers, and when finally approved of by them, the company for working it will be open to English and States' shareholders indiscriminately. Another of the six or seven proposed routes, that across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is worthy of notice, as the British have there secured to themselves, from the Mexican government, the sole right of passage; but at present this line is not meeting with much support. In fact, to be quite successful, the route adopted must be one in which both England and America take an interest; for besides the detriment certain to result from any rivalry betwixt these powers, the mere capital required for so extensive an undertaking will probably be more than either nation separately can afford to advance. Both for the sake of the undertaking, and for the sake of the world, we hope that Britain and the States will here go hand in hand. There can be no reason, however, for confining the transit to only one route; and I would humbly submit a consideration of the advantages derivable from so short a passage as that I have referred to between Panama and Chagres. The engineering difficulties of this latter line are not of serious importance, and I apprehend the chief obstacle will be of a political nature. At all events, the world is tired of waiting, and it would be good news to hear that ground is broken in any one of the lines of route that have been pointed out. One thing, at least, should spur on the enterprise. Between San Francisco and Panama several steam-vessels regularly ply, in connection with the imperfectly formed route to Chagres.

From "Graham's Magazine."

THE SOUTH.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

FALL! thickly fall! thou winter snow!
And keenly blow thou winter wind!
The North is yours, but far below,
The Tropics suit a summer mind;
So fall and blow,
Both wind and snow,
My Fancy to the South doth go!

Half-way between the frozen zones,
Where Winter rules in sullen mirth,
The Summer binds a golden belt
About the middle of the Earth.
The sky is soft, and blue, and bright
With purple eyes at morn and night;
And bright and blue the seas which lie
In perfect rest, and glass the sky;
And sunny bays with inland curves,
Round all along the quiet shore;
And stately palms, in pillar'd ranks,
Grow down the borders of the banks,
And juts of land where billows roar.
The inland woods are full of spice,
With golden fruits, and crimson flowers,
And vines that creep from bough to bough,
And shed their grapes in purple showers.
The emerald meadows roll away,
And bask in soft and mellow light;
The vales are full of silver mist,
And all the folded hills are bright!—
But far along the welkin's rim
The purple crags and peaks are dim;
And dim the gulfs, and gorges blue,
With all the wooded passes deep;
All steeped in haze and washed in dew,
And bathed in atmospheres of Sleep!

Sometimes the dusky islanders
Lie all day long beneath the trees,
And watch the white clouds in the sky,
And birds upon the azure seas.
Sometimes they wrestle on the turf,
And chase each other down the sands;
And sometimes climb the bloomy groves,
And pluck the fruit with idle hands.
And dark-eyed maidens braid their hair
With starry shells, and buds, and leaves;
And sing wild songs in dreamy bowers,
And dance on dewy eves—
When daylight melts and stars are few,
And west winds frame a drowsy tune,
While all the charmèd waters lie
Beneath a yellow moon!

Here men may dwell, and mock at toil,
And all the dull mechanic arts;
No need to till the teeming soil,
With weary hands and aching hearts.
No want can follow folded palms,
For Nature will supply her alms,
With sweets purveyors cannot bring
To grace the table of a King;
While summer broods o'er land and sea,
And breathes in all the winds,
Until her presence fills their hearts
And moulds their happy minds!

WHOEVER wishes another harm will, if the opportunity offers, endeavor to bring him down.

STEEP regions cannot be surmounted save by winding paths; on the plain, straight roads conduct from place to place.

From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

PLAINNESS.

PLAINNESS is a sort of half-way stage between beauty on the one hand and ugliness on the other. That some critical persons may perhaps say does not amount to a definition, and they are right, but then we should reply that it is not our business to define but to describe and paint, and so to make more clear than can be accomplished by the aid of a definition. For in truth these definitions are not often very manageable or understandable things, and besides being very difficult to construct they are not half so graphic as a description, which is a picture done in words, showing us what a thing is to our senses.

Did our readers ever try their hands at a definition? If not, we would advise them to make the attempt, and if they succeed they will perceive at once how hard, cold, dry, and unsatisfactory a thing it is; how undescriptive and how ineffectual for conveying a mental image. In order to define, it is absolutely necessary that there should be a standard and a measure, and that positive qualities and unvarying quantities, should be the bases, but if we were to endeavor to apply such a rule to beauty for example, we should be completely at sea. There is no cast of features in which beauty necessarily resides, nor any proportion of face or person which necessarily insures the possession of that quality which we call beauty. A man or woman may be either handsome or ugly, with a Jewish face, a Roman profile, or Grecian contour, with an Eastern sallowness of complexion, or an Italian sunniness of skin, or with red and white Saxon cheeks. The beauty may be either tall or short, voluptuously full or gracefully thin of figure, a Juno, a Minerva, a Venus, or a Sylph. In fact, beauty has as many qualities as there are minds to contemplate it, and while there is an absence of any universally authoritative canon, there are thousands of individual standards of opinion, and while this makes it impossible to give a catholic definition which all may receive, it enables us to appeal to each man's instinctive feeling of that which is to him the most beautiful.

But though there is this variety of thought and opinion, there is also some sort of agreement. For example, what one calls beautiful, another seldom calls plain or ugly. They may not recognize in what appears perfection to others the highest point of attractiveness to them, but they feel that it is far from repulsive, that it is any thing but ugly.

The portly, sturdy farmer for example, might look upon one of Rubens's fresh-colored wide-spread dames as the realization of his highest dreams of loveliness, while the courtly connoisseur, actuated by a more delicate taste, would call such a specimen of womankind a "fine woman," and turn for a higher embodiment of beauty to a Venus by Correggio or Titian, or a Madonna from the brush of Raphael—forms which the aforesaid farmer would perhaps be content to designate as "pretty." Though one might dissent from the other's opinion of beauty he would not call its visible expression ugly. That is the amount of agreement which links together all men's perceptions and sensations, and blends the Protestantism of individuality into the Catholicism of universality.

This sort of agreement, too, goes to indicate that there are some common qualities entering into every idea of beauty which prevents any one's loveliness from being any other person's repulsiveness; but what they are we have not found out; and poets, fiction writers, painters, and sculptors, seem from the diversity of their descriptions and representations to be equally in the dark. There is, indeed, one statue to which all bow down as the visible realization of the highest beauty of the female form, the Venus de Medici; but unfortunately that does not mend the matter, for if the philosophy of the brain is to be trusted, such a form and such an expression could not be blended together in life, for the head is so small that it could only belong to an idiot, and if the sculptor, Pygmalion-like, had fallen in love with the inanimate production of his chisel, and animated it with the Promethean fire of life, the expression of mind would have vanished from its countenance, and the beauty of the face have faded into the listless look of repulsive imbecility.

We will not, therefore, attempt to define beauty or ugliness, nor try to make them comprehensible, except by referring them to the attractiveness or repulsiveness which they exercise over every one; nor will we attempt to mend our definition of plainness

which is the mid point between every body's idea of beauty and ugliness—that which neither repulses violently nor attracts powerfully.

Beauty is a good, no doubt, because we all involuntarily admire and love it, and ugliness is also certainly an evil because we all involuntarily dislike it. In these respects we not only cannot command our feelings, but we have not the opportunity of doing so, because they act before we have time for thought. If a man were placed between two strangers whom he had never seen before and wished for conversation, he would be prompted to turn from the least agreeable looking to the most attractive, as naturally as he would leave the thistle to feast upon the bright colors and the fragrance of the rose; but while the flowers never deceive him—while they, instinct with the truth of nature, always are what they seem to be, he would often find that among men and women appearances are very deceptive, and that behind the beautiful mask might be concealed a disagreeable spirit or an empty head, and that the coarse, ill-formed visage was the title-page of a benevolent heart and a capacious and well-stored mind —that the good of the one had been a source of evil, the evil of the other had been a fountain of good—that when the pleasant rill had dried up, the solid rock had opened and gushed forth in crystal waters—that the beauty, trusting to mere appearance, had let the spirit run to waste and its power wither away, while the less favored child of nature had sought another staff to lean upon, and unblessed by beauty of form had illuminated his mind and made that radiant.

More frequently, however, both the good of the one and the evil of the other, as extremes are said to meet and blend, produce from opposites precisely the same results. Beauty is, strange as it may sound, as pregnant with repulsiveness as ugliness itself. The fine face with its carnation lips and delicately cut nose and radiant eyes, has existed in the region of flattery and adulation till the proud, haughty smile, and supercilious stare, and cold, indifferent expression become its habitual companions and freeze up the instinctive feelings which would draw us towards it; while hideousness, pointed at, laughed at, scorned, sneered at, and despised, has wound round its heart the dark veil of misanthropic hatred, and knitted its unattractive brows in a malicious frown which renders repulsiveness still more repulsive. Both beauty and ugliness wither a great deal of natural good, and perhaps are equally to be dreaded, the one as a dangerous gift, the other as a melancholy affliction; the one as the burning sun which scorches up immature fruits, the other as the cloudy, cold, bleak atmosphere which forbids the buds and blossoms of the heart to open into ripeness and beauty.

In the midst then of these extremes of the good and evil of form—dangerous because they are extremes—comes the safe mediocrity of plainness, destitute of the attractiveness of beauty, but without the repulsiveness of ugliness. It is to perfect loveliness what the mild summer of the temperate zone is to the burning heat of the tropics, and it is to hideousness what the genial, bracing healthfulness of an English winter is to the frigid cold of the arctic circle. Its possessor is unassailed by the lofty and yet contemptible vanity which beauty so often fosters, and is free from the dark shade of misanthropy which the satire and scorn of the world so often casts around the ugly. The plain man is like the man who is "passing rich," whose wealth does not suffice to give him a false importance, and is yet too great to suffer him to fear the grinding hardship and the withering degradation of poverty and want; he has the happy medium, and we are disposed to look upon him as one of the favored mortals whom nature has framed for calm happiness and knowledge.

Whether this be the sole cause or not we are not dogmatic enough nor sufficiently presumptuous to say, but if we look at the portraits of great and wise and good men in all ages, we shall find that the vast majority belong to the class whom we call plain people; and when they have had any thing of that quality which men would consent to call beauty, we shall find that it has been, as a rule, the beauty of expression and not the beauty of form—that it has been owing to the character which the mind imparted to the face, and not to the hue of the complexion or contour of the features. The English are such a practical people that they think "an ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory," and a fact like the one we have just mentioned is likely to weigh with them far more strongly than a

book full of learned argument. When, then, they direct their attention to the faces of such men as Luther, Cromwell, Johnson, and Sir Walter Scott, they will have a better notion of the power which plain men exercise than any we can otherwise give them.

Certain it is, too, that plain people are generally far more lovable than either handsome or ugly people. We need not give examples of this, because they are all in everybody's experience; a few minutes of consideration will convince our readers of its truth. If any lady or gentleman doubts the fact, let him run over the list of his best and dearest friends, and observe whether the majority are not plain people. We do not, of course, write this for lovers, because they catch the blindness which is one of the attributes of their tutelary deity. "Love's blind, they say;" and if lovers are not quite blind, they are afflicted, or blessed—it is hard to say which—with a sort of amorous ophthalmia, which makes them very short-sighted indeed. Their love actually makes blemishes into beauties; and perhaps they have so associated the imperfections of the object of their affections with his or her personal identity, that to take away the deformities would be to change a beloved individual for an indifferent stranger. In a Swiss tale, for example, there is a beautiful little episode, which is so true that we fancy it must have been copied from nature. It tells of a young peasant girl who was betrothed to a young peasant with club feet; and on Annette being asked whether she did not wish that Wilhelm had not club feet, she answered, "No; for then he would not be Wilhelm; and it is Wilhelm whom I love." Love always makes the loved one beautiful whatever his form and color. Desdemona thought the swarthy hue of Othello the beau ideal of beauty; and as it is with persons so it is with qualities—we gild those whom we like the best. If we were as illogical as lovers we should call plainness beautiful; that would be such a paradox as a lover might well deal in; but we take a more consistent course, and only call plainness lovable.

No doubt our opinion will be disputed by those who pin their faith upon works of fiction, the authors of which seem to be under a sort of prescriptive obligation, imposed upon them by custom from time immemorial, to mould their heroes upon the model of the Apollo, and to compound their heroines out of a mixture of the Venus and the Madonna; and, in addition to their corporal perfections, to endow them plentifully with all the genius and all the virtues of humanity; but we place no great reliance upon such authorities, potent as they unquestionably are; we regard their personages generally as very pretty paintings of what men and women ought to be, rather than what they are, or even may be. They are something like card-board models of impossible edifices, which hold together by reason of the lightness and flimsiness of their material, but which, in granite, would prove the power of the law of gravitation, by falling down; and we should as soon expect to see the remains of Grecian art start from their venerable repose, and walking about in all their majesty, proving themselves gods and demigods in reality, as to meet mere mortals exhibiting all that beauty and virtue so liberally bestowed on fictitious personages. It is strange, too, to notice howinconsistency will peep out, and, as a natural consequence, how authors, compelled to conform to natural laws, are obliged to introduce into their tales some plain people, who, if men, exhibit more intellect and firmness than the first hero, and, if woman, show more self-devotion and patience than the nominal *prima donna*, and who, whether men or women, perform almost all the great and noble actions which give interest to the tale and create its pathos.

Novel-readers might do worse than notice this, and diminish their admiration of beauty and exalt their notion of plainness, by observing how, in the well-wrought fable as well as the drama of real life, plain people really play the most important parts.

In short, we are quite in love with plainness, which, if it cannot boast of beauty, often has a charm which mere beauty can never give. Those who have seen homely countenances lighted up by intellect or softened by affection and sympathy, or warmed into life by heartfelt mirth, will comprehend the beauty which the mind sheds upon the plainest face, just as the rich sunset makes the most sterile landscape enchanting. And they will understand, too, that mere perfection of form is not half so attractive as modest plainness beaming with purity and

goodness. There is a great deal of truth in that vulgar and ungrammatical old saying, "Handsome is as handsome does," which at once illustrates our meaning and points out to our plain friends the true way of becoming as handsome as they please.

THE SUBURBAN VILLA.

We copy here another of Mr. Wheeler's essays on Country Homes, from the columns of the Home Journal—which paper very decidedly and very justly commends them to its readers.

A MILE or two from the city, just where the stone flagging of the pavemented town is merging into the neatly-kept gravel-walk of the suburbs, I will suppose a spot upon which to build the house whose title heads this number. A thick belt of shrubs and evergreens, protected from injury by the passer-by, by an outer fence or paling, shuts out the lawn and garden walk that lie between the house and the outer road, and a timber-framed gate and a handsome stone pillar on either side, mark the entrance to the drive within. We will enter, dear reader. The road, ten feet wide, and as smooth as gravel will permit, curves towards a nearly circular space, for meeting a returning carriage which lies before the portico, or carriage-porch, under which, as I have described in a previous communication, the visitor may step from the vehicle, protected from the weather. Within the porch, a flight of steps leads to the vestibulé, and through double doors into a square hall, with, if you please, a marble floor, or, perhaps, one of encaustic tiles, and the corners are ornamented with niches and vases, or statuary. On the left, an open archway leads into another vestibule, containing the principal staircase and the entrance to the library, which is in a campanile, or tower, that will be presently spoken of. On the right, a similar archway leads into a vestibule leading to the offices and kitchen, in which is a door conducting into a gentlemen's dressing-room, bath-room, etc., contained in a projection which answers to that of the tower, and between which is the entrance-porch previously spoken of. In the hall immediately opposite the entrance door, are double doors leading into a boudoir, or saloon, and which may be thrown into the hall when needed. On the left of this is a large drawing-room; on the right, the dining-room; and beyond it, the pantry, china-closet, kitchen, and other domestic offices. On the floor above are spacious sleeping and dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, etc.; and the tower is carried up a clear story above the roof, affording a cool retreat, where the breeze blows unmolested, and whence a cheerful and extended prospect of the town and the country beyond is commanded.

The aspect of the house is as follows: the entrance-front is east; the tower on the east and southern corner; the drawing-room south, with an end west; the boudoir and drawing-room west, and the kitchens, etc., protected on the north by an inclosed yard containing wood-sheds, etc., and extending to an avenue which runs along and bounds the northern side of the grounds. A large veranda is on the western side, and a smaller one (as being more exposed to view from the street, and consequently less desirable) on the south.

The grounds run back, in all, from the road about four hundred and fifty feet; the house is placed back one hundred feet, and as near as possible to the northern boundary, so as to permit as large a lawn and garden on the southern side as the space will afford. The stable and offices are at the extreme western end of the grounds, screened from view, of the house, by means of a thick plantation and a fence, and conveniently entered from the road or avenue on the north.

The external appearance of the building is designed to suit the situation; being so near a city, and the objects contrasted with it being regular and more or less ornate, a roughly-rural erection would be out of place, though not more so than would be a regular city-house. The ground undulating, and the level of the ground being considerably elevated, some harmony is desirable between these circumstances and the distribution of the parts of the building; accordingly the tower spoken of is placed at the southeastern corner, where, as it is the object that first meets the eye on approaching from the city, it has a bold and picturesque appearance; and, as the view of the scenery around is extremely fine, there seems every reason that means for an extended look-out should

be so provided. The projecting portion of the front balancing this tower, and which contains the gentlemen's dressing-room, etc., (which you will see I almost always insist upon in a *home*,) extends merely to one story, and terminates in a somewhat ornamental manner, with pedestals crowned with vases, and an open balustrade between; whilst between it and the tower, the projection of the porch affords an opportunity for making a large balcony, entered from the chamber floor, and in which many beautiful plants might be reared, as it would be very easy to inclose the top and sides with glass, removable at such seasons when the increased heat of so much glass in front of the windows might not prove desirable.

The style to be chosen for the house seems to me to be most readily met by the use of the genuine modern bracketed Italian, with projecting roof somewhat flatter in its pitch than in a house farther in the country, *and with the brackets, the cornice, the* chimney-caps, etc., of a more finished and architectural character than I have heretofore described. The material selected to be brick, with stone dressings to the windows and chimneys, and to be painted and sanded a deep warm cream-color, with those parts of the building which are constructed of wood, painted the same tone of color, but of a deeper tint.

The southern end might be pleasingly embellished by the addition of a large projecting bay window in the drawing-room, extended up to the chamber floor, and finished with pedestals, vases, and balustrade in a similar manner to the projection on the eastern front. The veranda would be of wood, or I have occasionally seen some patterns in iron that are very satisfactory, although the extreme stiffness of design, too often observable in articles of this material, generally makes them any thing but desirable. Janes, Beebe and Co., of this city, have recently imported some patterns from Europe, of such great beauty, and which they are re-making in so exquisite a manner, I would recommend all interested in artistic smithery to call and see their extensive collection. The *Art Journal* has done much to raise the character of the designs of metal work in general; and such of my readers as have any thing upon which they wish to exercise their taste, connected with the useful or ornamental in metal, will find the examples there given, and since reproduced by Janes, deserving a close study. The firm have, likewise, some ornamental tables, seats, flower-stands, fountains, vases, etc., of equal merit of design and workmanship.

The grounds of a villa near a city afford opportunity for the introduction of very many durable objects of art, which, if chosen with reference to their use and purpose, greatly enhance the pleasures of a stroll therein, though my readers will, I hope, not think this remark a justification for the admission of the vulgar "garden images" that the Cockneys love to stick about their places, or of the quaint, though I think no less vulgar, conceits and practical joke machines that degrade Chatsworth, in the shape of imitation men fishing, and tin trees that drench the gazer that stands beneath them.

G. W.

From "Fraser's Magazine."

MOZART.

Towards the middle of the last century every house in a certain class of society in Germany possessed its pianoforte; and in the southern districts Stein of Augsburg was a manufacturer of these instruments in great repute. The cultivation of music was at this time merely a means of introducing an elegant pleasure at home. It gave an occupation to the young which, as the simple, earnest compositions of the day evince, was as yet untainted by the vanity of display. Music pleased for herself alone. But good teaching in respect to mechanism was very rare; and the steps by which a finished artist is raised to perfection, from childhood to full maturity, were almost undiscovered. Mozart's father was one of the first who comprehended the true principles of the modern execution—kept the arm in complete stillness, and moulded the hand into that rounded position, in which the fingers seem to grow to the keys. Leopold Mozart and his daughter were much occupied in teaching, and, as we learn, often talked themselves out of breath, in the conscientious discharge of their employment. While they were explaining the mysteries of fingering, and showing how passages of great

apparent difficulty could be neatly and elegantly brought under the hand, it was the business of the young composer, even from eight years of age, to form and train the soul.

From this early period the solicitations to compose for this or that individual talent, which beset him throughout life, had their origin. Whatever related to capacity in his own art, its exact degree, its character, and importance, was known to him in any individual with whom he conversed as if by intuition. The tone of a voice, the air of a countenance, the social vivacity of a young person, seem to have enabled him to read with facility whatever nature had imprinted of the musician. The mere shape of an exquisitely formed hand, without a general repose and harmony of character in the whole human structure, would, perhaps, not have satisfied him; but both together made him more certain of his subject than either Gall or Spurzheim could have been by any investigation of the musical bumps which enter into the system of phrenology.

Even in his moments of deepest abstraction, when playing extemporaneously, Mozart was able to preserve a part of his mind free to notice the effect of his music upon others, to inform himself how far he might pursue one track of invention, or when it was time to strike into a new one. He had his own prepossessions in point of taste; and there is no master in whose works we can place a finger on a passage, a bar, or even a note, and say with greater confidence, "this the composer enjoyed." But though he gently led the way, and insinuated his own preferences in melody in strains of tender and melancholy grace, he appears rarely to have approved his own first conceptions until he had tried their influence upon others. This practice, which he early commenced among the visitors who listened to him occasionally at his father's house, became so strong in him by habit, that he was able at last to carry it out in public among the numerous audiences collected at the theatre, where—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

The dramatic poet and musician are the kings who proverbially have "long arms." The chief element of their being is knowledge of the world within and without; they multiply themselves, and extend their own identity into all the infinite forms and varieties of the human family, and strike chords of passion which vibrate by sympathy through the whole. In Mozart's mystic language of inarticulate sounds there may be discovered a perpetual process of reason, as well as of imagination. The precision with which, as a minister of pleasure, he adapted the means to the end—hitting the mark always, restraining the luxuriance of his fancy amidst all its roving temptations, and preserving himself just within the limits of the object to be accomplished, exhibits the logical composer in an aspect in which he is unequalled among musicians.

Not any writings which Mozart has left show the man and the musician more interestingly than these collected pianoforte compositions. They are, for the most part, the living witnesses to the amiability of his disposition, being mostly free gifts to one and another of his acquaintance of all ages and talents; sometimes evidently costing him no more trouble to write than that of moving the pen; at others, displaying the exertion of his greatest powers in design and construction. To one who can enter with full sympathy into the day-dreams of the charming artist-family, whose abode in Salzburg near a century ago renders that locality still a shrine of musical enthusiasm and devotion, it is pleasant to travel once more into the past on the wings of these compositions. Images of happiness and hope will surround us while we witness the content of the yet youthful father and mother of Mozart in the opening genius of their son; and so we have resolved to write our Salzburg "re-visited." Glancing a little to our right as we ascend the broad staircase of their dwelling, we discover in the deep vista of a warehouse, fragrant with the scents of Italian edibles and culinary merchandise, Mozart's landlord, that immortal drysalter, M. Hagenauer. The ladies, the officers, the ecclesiastics, the musicians, who from time to time mount to the *dritter stock* (third floor) to talk about or hear music, thus need not forget in going or coming where to renew the exhausted Parmesan or stock of macaroni. But we quit these sensualities, and enter the apartments of the Mozart family. In a room well stored with musical instruments and books, and ornamented with prints, busts, and flowers, a boy sits at a table composing.

That is Mozart. A canary-bird chirps in a cage at the open window; and a favorite cat, who has established herself on the table near his music-paper, looks the picture of domestic quiet and content.

"Wolfgang," exclaims the boy's sister, "the young countess, my pupil, is just returned from Paris. She has been taking lessons of Schobert, and is much improved. You remember how well she promised, what a nice clear finger she had, and what a graceful feeling for melody. You must write something for her, either variations or a rondo; but whatever it is, I must take it with me next week."

"Well; I'll think of it. I have just finished the procession march for Haffner's sister's wedding, and the new minuets for the ball in the evening. This afternoon we drive out to the Nonnenberg, and to-morrow I must practise my concerto, to play to the archbishop's Italian friends at the palace. What a lazy thing that is," he adds, contemplating puss. "I wonder when I shall find time to enjoy being lazy?"

"Oh, there will be plenty of time," interposes the father.

"For what?"

"For composing the piece which your sister wants. And, Wolfgang, you know that M. l'Evêque, who has been in Italy, and talks to us so much about Italian fugues and counterpoint, will be sure to stand beside the little countess as she plays; so let your music be a rondo, in which you can bring in the subject in the bass, and make some of the passages move in canon. This will strengthen the young lady's left hand, and give the gentleman an opportunity of displaying his science when he speaks of the construction of the piece."

The scene changes. The Mozarts are in London, in their modest lodgings in Frith-street, Soho. A German friend of theirs, whose visage beams with delight and admiration, congratulates them on the pleasure which they gave to the king and queen at Windsor, a few nights before. It is the queen's music-master, J. C. Bach.

"His Majesty was delighted with the sonata, which he heard played off-hand by two great hands and two little hands alternately. It was a novelty; and here in England"—addressing the boy—"they like nothing so much as novelty."

"Have they ever heard four hands on the pianoforte *together?*" asked Wolfgang.

"Never; no duets for a keyed instrument have yet been published in England. But do you try your hand at some, and we will play them together to some musical friends, whom I intend shortly to collect at my house."

The duets in D and B flat (Nos. 43 and 57 of the catalogue thematique) are quickly produced, and played. A Berlin professor of counterpoint, well versed in Marpurg, fidgets a good deal in his chair, and then rises to criticise.

"The *adagio* of that second duet is certainly a heavenly melody, M. Bach; but I observe that, in the second line, there are about thirty-three consecutive octaves in succession in the middle parts."

"They accompany the melody very well," said Bach, laughing.

"But, my dear friend, such counterpoint—"

"I was not thinking of counterpoint; I was thinking of pleasing," interrupted the boy. "The second violins and tenors sound very well so in an orchestra."

"And I notice more octaves still in the *andante cantabile* of this duet in D," said the professor.

"There I meant to imitate the bassoons."

"So you turn the pianoforte into an orchestra, and place pleasure above counterpoint! What is to become of music if composers at your time of life set up taste and emotion as supreme guides? It must be quickly reduced to a chaotic jargon." The professor was waxing warm.

"My revered father, John Sebastian," said M. Bach, quietly, "was wont to compose in what you call the strict style; and yet he would break a rule at any time rather than injure a good melody, or spoil a neatly-constructed passage."

Mozart's wonderful childhood is passed, and he is not a little pleased to see himself wandering from Munich to Manheim and Paris in quest of a permanent settlement. His pianoforte playing is in great request at the houses of musicians whom he visits; he engages with young people in parties of pleasure, dances, and excursions, ready at any time of day to make the candid confession of youth—

Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard.

And so, as Carl Von Weber tells us, that German girls much delight in new waltzes and musical keepsakes (MSS.), which they pay for by a squeeze of the hand, Mozart, as a matter of course, was obliged to dispense his services and take the usual wages. Sonatas by the dozen, full of elegant Italian melody, and of the neatest construction for fingering attest what he has given away at the solicitation of the fair; nor could even mamma be denied if her little favorite longed for a pretty air with variations. The language of refusal was scarcely in the vocabulary of this compliant and obliging man.

Mozart is walking one morning in the English garden at Manheim, with a musician belonging to the Elector's chapel. "Nothing," says the composer's friend, "ever surprised and pleased me more than what you did yesterday, when we went with Holzbauer and Cannabich to the pianoforte warehouse to choose the new instrument for the palace. To play on five or six instruments in succession, on each in a different manner, with a perspicuous design in every improvisation,—that I call the test of masterly invention and readiness. It is extremely embarrassing, when in walking from instrument to instrument, with great hearers, one is reduced to show one's poverty, to repeat oneself, or become quite vapid."

The idea of such a situation made the composer smile. "A peculiar fantasia," he returns, "is necessary when one would try a pianoforte. I have thought much of this impromptu music, and I sent my conception of such a fantasia in notes the other day to my sister. It should differ from the orchestral fantasia, in which we may blend *adagio* and *allegro*, sweet air, solemn modulation, and various rhythm within the compass of one prelude; and also from that in the bound or organ style, which usually ends with a fugue. I intend some day to make designs of these different fantasias."

Last winter, when we met in London M. Neidthardt, of the Berlin choir, we were well reminded that Mozart had kept his word. The fantasia in C minor, arranged by him for a large military orchestra, forms a splendid piece, and we have heard it ourselves in Berlin with much pleasure.

Years roll on, and Mozart finds himself settled in Vienna, in great reputation, and surrounded by the closest ties of kindred—wife and children. At once the composer and the performing artist, now immersed "over head and ears," as he expressed it, in composition, and now the centre of all eyes at the theatre, the world had never seen in any musician such an instance of various power or of equal promptitude in thought and action. His society was mixed. From the boudoir of the empress herself, from the sympathetic and elegant intercourse of Haydn, Metastasio, Gluck, to the revelry of the green-room and its orgies crowned with flowers, every one could extract something to please out of our Mozart. Here his mercurial temperament, however, wronged him, and between too much work and too much pleasure, he consumed himself. When illness had restored predominance to his reasoning and reflecting powers, his regrets at being so early obliged to leave his art were poignant, for he saw into the extent of his own mind, and had begun to view his music as a precious casket, deposited with him by Providence, not merely for his own advantage, but for that of mankind at large. For awhile, however, the flowers of Mozart's composition never grew in greater profusion, rich and rare, than at Vienna. The excitement of an imperial court, its variety of musical men and musical tastes, employed his mind incessantly on new models in music; and when shortly after his death a void began to be felt, his chief friends, Prince Lichnowsky, Baron Van Swieten, &c., received Beethoven with open arms; and the same hospitality and distinction which Mozart had enjoyed, passed to his successor by right of inheritance. At the same tables, in the same carriages, at the same pianofortes, among the old companions of Mozart, Beethoven may be seen; and hopes revive in the promising genius of the new-comer, that the regeneration of music will not be left incomplete. But we may here retrace some of those influences which set Mozart's invention in peculiar activity at Vienna.

Van Swieten, the eccentric physician of Maria Theresa, lived here in greater credit on the strength of the excellent constitution of that princess than perhaps his pills and draughts merited. He was very fond of music, understood it scientifically, had an orchestra frequently in his house, and a better

listener to fugues never sat in self-concentration and delight by the side of a player. Fugues of Bach and Handel formed after mass a regular part of the Sunday morning service at the baron's; Mozart was the performer, and he took so much interest in this musician's music, that when he played for his own diversion at home, he scarcely ever touched any thing else. Still his reverence for the past did not lead him to pedantry, or to lose sight of the advance of his own day in elegant, melodious taste.

We are in the physician's music-room.

"This sonata in the style of Handel, with its introduction and fugue," observes Van Swieten to his friend, "seems to me a very complete example of the individuality of your workmanship. You show Handel and yourself too. I have set others the same task, who have either produced what was not at all like their original, or else a servile copy."

"The composer who attempts to borrow the pen of any great master," returned Mozart, "must first possess a well-pronounced, distinct style of his own. An artistic imitation only pleases by such a resemblance to the composer imitated as satisfies the imagination that he might himself have written it at an advanced stage of existence. Merely to copy a composer's modulations and peculiarities is to produce such a dull imitation as is allied rather to the unpleasant likeness of a wax model than to the spirited representation of a fine portrait."

"And yet the *allemande* and *courante* in this sonata," said Van Swieten, "are such exquisite gems, that I can scarcely imagine Handel sufficiently refined in instrumental melody to produce them. The fusion of the old and new is admirably accomplished, and makes perfect music. I wish, my dear Mozart, that you may get our German composers out of the horse-in-the-mill track which they pursue, not only in their music, but in the series of their movements, where the same allegro, the same slow movement, &c., follow in eternal procession. Now, this is a formality which should be broken through. I perceive that your pianoforte tastes of opera music, church and organ music, the symphony, the quartet. This mode is extremely suggestive, and will in time render the pianoforte a perfect microcosm of the great world of harmony."

"It is, as I take it," said the composer, "just the business which the present age of music demands. The pianoforte must hereafter fill the concert-room, the theatre, the church, with accomplished hearers; it must exhibit music in all styles, and in a perpetual variety of forms. It will thus make the fortune of composers when kings have no longer places or pensions to offer them. But there is much to do. People are now only beginning to see into the significance of notes apart from words or a scene on the stage; yet in instrumental music a few bars more or less make a serious difference to a composition."

Ferdinand Ries has informed us in his notices on Beethoven, as a curious example of the deep speculations of that master on symmetry and effect in instrumental music, that he one day received in a letter from Vienna a *couple of dotted crotchets*, which Beethoven instructed him to insert in a sonata long before published, as a new and improved commencement of the same. He was quite surprised at the effect of these two notes. Beethoven certainly worked out many of the theories of Mozart with a strong fellow-feeling in beauty, yet with a manner entirely his own.

We now follow Van Swieten into a room in the palace where Joseph II. sometimes recreates himself with musical talk and criticism. The emperor turns over the pages of a four-handed fugue on the desk of the pianoforte, with the words, "See something struck out afresh from the mint of Mozart." He wrote this to please the Countess Thun and Metastasio's niece; the four hands allow the parts to go smoothly, and the bass to come in like the pedals of the great organ at St. Stephen's when Albrechtsberger performs a voluntary. The ladies played it last evening; and Clementi, who listened, said that it was an admirable composition, but that it wanted an introduction.

"Mozart thought otherwise," said the physician, "and would probably reply, 'Why should we always make the same beginnings?' A company who will not cease talking through crashing chords will sometimes have their attention piqued by a quiet *début;* even a succession of single notes. Your Majesty may recollect Mozart's agreeable innovation, in commencing the overture to Figaro *Allegro and piano:* how hushed

and full of suspense and interest it renders the house."

"The musical ideas of Clementi," returned the emperor, "are, in your opinion, too subservient to the formal and conventional. His admirable playing is much cried up by the Italians here, but even I can find that he has not Mozart's melody."

"Clementi," replied the physician, "has many original qualifications of the musician, but his science is not wholly free from dryness and pedantry. In every kind of serious music, melody, design, and modulation must concur to produce pleasure; and certainly it is the praise of Germany, in the instrumental art, to have united science with the graces. I see in this volume of pianoforte duets three complete specimens of fine music under various designs. The first in F."

"Haydn, I remember, called it a symphony in disguise," said the emperor.

"It is indeed such fine music, that when it is well played, you forget the players. This other in C, beginning in unison and fortissimo, is intended expressly to show two performers of equal talent in alternate solos; the one in F minor is a mixture of the orchestral and inspired organ style. It differs from every thing else by its author, and is one of the noblest monuments of his ambition and powers."

"That piece originated," said the emperor, "in the large mechanical organ which Count F—— erected in the hall of his country-house near Prague. The times of playing were regulated by clock-work. The count was a humorist, and said to the man of Silbermann's who built his organ, 'We shan't want for clever machinery or good pipes, but where shall we get the music, that we may listen to twice a day for a month without being tired?'"

The physician smiled and continued. "I think the organ-builder found out the right shop. He had but to explain what is wanted, and to say that his clarionet, his flute, his bassoon stops would be of exquisite quality, to inspire the imagination of Mozart. So, to make his work the more durable, the musician selected as his models the two greatest masters of the organ, Handel and J. S. Bach. But he has reserved a place for himself; the prelude and the postlude, in which he has enveloped Handel, are his own, and so is the adagio in that second piece, which breaks the fugue in two, and prepares so agreeably to introduce it a second time with new treatment."

We now enter Mozart's home. He is writing in haste, and throwing the sheets of his music on the floor to dry. His wife and sister return from abroad, and tell him with much pleasure that they have been at the Jesuits' church hearing the beautiful symphonies of Haydn, called the "Seven last words"—that they have seen Haydn, who conducted the performance himself; that he is coming to visit them in the evening. Mozart expresses his delight. "I know his famous new work, and I will please him." At night, Haydn is seated near his friend, who is at the pianoforte. "Now, Haydn, you shall hear one of my "last words;" and he extemporizes an admirable adagio in B minor.

Haydn acknowledges the successful and complimentary imitation. "If you can make such music on a single 'word,' one may well wish that instead of 'seven last words,' there had been seventy. But for ladies this music may be too solemn and severe. There is Mademoiselle Sophie, who will be glad to hear something tender and sentimental." "Play the clarionet movement you wrote for Stadler," said the composer's wife. Haydn wishes to possess this beautiful piece. "I think I must write it out for the pianoforte, and call it 'Miscellaneous Romance.' I am afraid that your husband," continued the musician, addressing his wife, "will be thought a great scrap-monger."

A stranger in a coffee-house at Vienna suddenly recognizes a friend sitting at a table alone, with an air of dejection. "Ah, Hofer!" he exclaims, addressing in the meanly-clad man Mozart's brother-in-law, "I am just come from the country, and have brought a new commission for Mozart, from Count F——, who had the organ music."

"It is too late to ask for Mozart," returned the other. "Haven't you heard the news? he died last night."

HUMAN heads are like hogsheads; the emptier they are, the louder report they give of themselves.

CHASTISEMENT does not always immediately follow error, but sometimes comes when least expected.

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

MARIQUITA.

A TALE OF SPANISH LIFE.

At Aranjuez, some twenty years previous to the relation of the story, there lived a youth of the poorer class, whose good nature and industry were the proverb of the village. His name was Julio. His disposition was naturally indolent, morally I mean, rather than physically, and although he was by no means deficient in understanding, he allowed himself to be guided by any person who, for any purpose, thought fit to undertake the task. Julio delighted in doing a kindness, and, as his good nature equalled his ductility, he granted every request, whether it lay in his power or not. No one was more ready to play at a village dance than Julio; and though he loved to dance himself, he never thought of indulging in this predilection until his companions, knowing his weakness, insisted on his allowing some one else to take the guitar. It was to him always that damsels resorted who had quarrelled with their sweethearts, or youths who had fallen under the displeasure of their Chloe; for, on behalf of the first, he was best able to soften jealousy and extort promises of future amendment, and for the latter, he would smooth matters by appropriate words, nay, often by a small gift purchased by a sacrifice of part of his own scanty store, and presented as though from the culprit. Great were this charming young man's accomplishments; and not only were his companions, but the higher class of inhabitants, grieved when his facile disposition brought him into any scrape. It had always been supposed that Julio was attached to a young girl, with whom he had been brought up. His patrimonial cottage adjoined to that of her parents, and he had ever seemed to court her society more than that of his other fair acquaintances. As for her, she adored him. She was much of the same disposition as himself, and undecided; but in her love for him, she had come out of herself; she would have followed him to the scaffold, and would infinitely have preferred a disagreeable death in his society than the most agreeable life without him. As yet he had scarcely sufficiently reciprocated her attachment; he liked her society; he perhaps did not object to her devotion! nay, he wished to marry her; but she had not inspired him with the same absorbing love she herself felt; she had not sufficient command over him to draw forth his passion in its full tide; and while that passion was accumulating, pent up for some event, she was content with his simmering affection. Her name was Faustina.

But his love was soon to be proved, and poor Faustina's heart was to be sorely tried. While she confidingly looked up to him who was virtually her betrothed, she little thought how slight was the bond that attached him to her. She knew his love did not reach one tithe of that she would have wished, but she thought it infinitely more than what it eventually appeared.

An Italian family from Madrid came to reside during the spring months at Aranjuez. In their retinue came Ursula, an Italian *femme de chambre*, a woman whose name is never uttered in the *pueblo* but with a curse.

She was older than Julio, who became acquainted with her while employed in the house in his trade as carpenter; but as she saw his pliable disposition, and perhaps his nascent passion, her experience and acuteness taught her to turn them to account; and in a short time she obtained such an ascendency over him, that he became a perfect plaything in her hands. He ruined himself in purchasing presents for the artful woman; he furnished her with all she required; he gave her money; in fact, had she requested his life, it would not have been considered an exorbitant demand. Ursula was handsome, tall, dark, and fierce-looking; flashing eyes she had, with heavy arched brows; and considering these advantages, folks wondered that she would condescend to turn her ideas so humbly; but after inquiries showed that in her own land, and in Madrid, her conduct had been so very profligate, that all was now fish that came to her net, and that, to obtain the consummation of the wishes of every woman, a husband and independence, she must stoop far below what must have been her original expectations.

Meanwhile poor Faustina wept and prayed, now scorned by Julio, but pitied by the little world in which she had lived. She wept and prayed, but tears seemed to

afford no relief to the maiden in her anguish, and prayers appeared to have lost their efficacy: they brought no success, nay, worse, no comfort. Still Julio pursued his headlong career, heedless of the past, the present, or the future. It was dreadful to see the change in him: he seemed as one possessed. The reckless passion that had been roused by the wily Italian burst all bounds, knew no restraint, no path; it was like a torrent that had been for some time dammed up, which, when set free, acknowledges no demarkation, no rule of banks or bed, but tears forward, involving in its impetuous rage the verdure and bloom that are around it.

Such was the state of affairs that occupied the attention of all the Aranjovites, when one morning Ursula, the Italian, disappeared. Julio was at work when the fact was communicated to him, which being done, he fell to the ground, as though the intelligence had struck him dead; and when he recovered from the swoon, he raved, frantic. He wandered to Madrid, but could discover no intelligence of her; he visited all the neighboring towns, he inquired of the police, but no trace of the woman could be found, till at last the reaction of his spirits, after the tense excitement, the grief, the baulked passion, seemed to have prostrated his senses; he walked as a spectre, taking heed of no passer-by, callous to all changes, careless of remark and of appearance, a noonday ghoul preying on his own misery. But now the prayers of the poor girl who loved him so fondly seemed to her to have been granted. She had not besought a return of his former lukewarm regard, only an opportunity of proving her own devotion; and in his dull apathy she indeed proved herself a loving woman. She followed him in his walks, she arranged his cottage, sang to him the songs she thought he best loved; nay, to cheer him, would endeavor to repeat the airs she had at times heard from the lips of her Italian rival, though the attempt was but a self-inflicted wound; and in the heat of the day she would take him often her own share of the domestic meal, or placing his unconscious head on her bosom, would tend him like a child, as he lay half-sleeping, half-senseless.

Her constancy received a qualified reward,—Count ——, an officer having the chief authority in the royal demesnes, hearing the story, offered to Julio a good appointment in the gardens with the proviso that he should espouse Faustina. To this Julio yielded without a sigh, poverty was beginning to make itself felt, and having resigned all hope of happiness he did not anticipate increased misery. His marriage did not alter his late mode of life. Listless and stupid he wandered about the gardens, inspecting, with an uninterested eye, the workmen, over whom he had been placed, and he would soon have lost his appointment had it not been for his wife, who, "tender and true," in addition to her household duties, executed those which had been committed to his charge, slaving night and day for him she loved, careless of suffering and of labor, her only object to win his approbation, and some, however slight, token of returned affection; but she labored in vain: Julio did not see, or affected not to see, these exertions; he would enter the house or leave it, without uttering a syllable, while his wife continued her thankless office, rewarded only by her conscience. And how disheartening a task it is to practise self-denial unappreciated, to resign all for one who deigns not even to bestow a word of kind approval. But thus Faustina lived her life—one uninterrupted self-sacrifice. Alas! how often are such lives passed by women in every rank of life! How little can a stranger tell the heroism that occurs beneath the roofs of the noble or on the cold hearth of the beggar; at odd times, at sudden epochs, the world may hear of deeds practised, that, of old, would have deified the performer; but often, how often, will noble acts, such as these, receive a thankless return; many years passed as this, acknowledged only when too late; their premium in life, perchance, may be harsh words or curses, or transitory tears may moisten the grave when the gentle spirit passes from its earthly frame. These observations may be just, but they are somewhat trite.

Thus they lived for five years, one pretty little girl being the only fruit of this union; a child who, in her earliest days, was taught to suffer, and who partook her mother's disposition, nay, even her mother's character, as it appeared tempered by the grief of womanhood; when one day, to the horror

and disgust of the township, Ursula, the *teterrima causa*, reappeared at Aranjuez. She was grown much older in appearance: years and evident care had worn furrows in her cheeks, but the flashing eye of sin was not yet dimmed, her head not bent, nor the determination that had of old gained such a baneful influence on the mind of Julio. One morning Faustina, leaving her house, beheld her husband in conversation with her rival. That day had sealed her doom. Morning, noon, and night, Julio was at the side of Ursula, as before, obeying her slightest command, grovelling at her feet like a slave; his ancient energy of passion had returned, but only to brutalize his nature; instead of cold looks to his wife he now treated her with blows at the rare interviews he held with her; the cold apathy was changed into deep hate, and though no direct act of violence caused her death, the shock, the harshness added to neglect, soon broke her heart. Poor Faustina died, blessing with her latest breath the being who had by his cruelty killed her, and deprecating even remorse to visit him, she left the world, in which she had loved in vain.

At her death Julio found himself comparatively wealthy, wealthy by her exertion, and ere another moon shone over his roof, his bride, the dark Italian, beat his child on the spot where the mother had so lately died.

Dark rumors soon spread over the village: a scowling Italian, given out by Ursula as her brother, came and took up his abode in her newly-acquired house; curious neighbors whispered tales how, peeping in at night, they had beheld the three deal heavy blows to poor Faustina's daughter; screams often were heard from the desecrated habitation, and the child was never seen to leave the house. Julio had recovered, to a certain extent, the use of his faculties, and was enabled now himself to attend to his affairs, but his subordinates soon felt the loss of Faustina's mild rule, and with the discrimination of the Spanish peasantry attributed their sufferings, not to the miserable tool, but to the fiend-hearted woman.

Julio was walking in the garden alone, during the time usually devoted to the midday sleep; his underlings were reclining beneath the shade of the trees, and at last, overcome by the heat, he himself gave way to slumber; his dreams were troubled, but were not of long duration, for he had not long lain himself on the sward, when he felt himself rudely shaken, and awaking, discovered an officer of justice standing near him, who desired his society. The alguazil led him to his own abode, and on reaching it, what did he behold? His wife, who was then with child, pinioned between two villagers acting for the nonce as constables, one of whom held in his hand a bloody *navaja*; the brother (!), also pinioned, standing near her, and on the ground, surrounded by a knot of peasants, glad at the vengeance that was to overtake the guilty pair; he saw the child of Faustina, decapitated, dismembered, discovered thus on the floor of the cottage ere the murderous couple had been enabled to conceal the mangled remains. A workman, a near relation of Julio's first wife, who had by chance heard a suppressed scream in passing, hastily summoning assistance, had arrived in time only to apprehend the assassins, the shedders of innocent blood. There was no flaw in the evidence, and ere long, Ursula and her paramour, for such was the true relative position in which she stood with the stranger, were sentenced to the doom they so richly deserved. I have not, however, ended my narrative, but I will endeavor to curtail the rest of my history, to me the strangest part of it. Julio was not disenchanted: by extraordinary exertions to save the mother of a child, shrewdly suspected not to be his own, he prevailed on his patron, Count ——, to procure the commutation of his wife's sentence to a term of imprisonment, and though the murderer forfeited his life, the murderess escaped after some years' incarceration, having given birth to a child shortly after her trial, who, innocent, bore on her brow the mark of the instrument of her mother's crime; and, can it be credited!—Julio took the woman to his home, his love unabated, his subserviency undiminished.

They now live in Aranjuez, and the child is left to wander about unnoticed, except with punishment; my kind-hearted landlady alone feeds the poor creature, whom all others shun; and even she feels uncomfortable in the presence of one born under such auspices. Her fellow-townsfolk, as they pass the scene of virtue and of crime, bless

the memory of Faustina, and curse the life of Ursula, praying for the peace of the first one and of her child, and while execrating the latter, refuse shelter or relief to her innocent offspring, who, in the universal spirit of poetry that reigns in Spain, is known far and near, and pointed to the stranger, as *La Hija de Sangre*, the Daughter of Blood.

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

THE FLOWERS' REVENGE.

Translated from the German.

On the soft cushions of a couch of down
Slumbers the maid, imprison'd in repose;
Close droop her eyelashes, profuse and brown;
Her cheek is tinted like a full-blown rose.

Hard by there shimmers in the smother'd light
A vase of choicest ornament and mould;
And in the vase are fresh-cut flowers, and bright,
Fragrant to smell, and various to behold.

Damp are the heats that, broodingly and dull
Flow and flow on throughout the chamber small;
Summer has scared away the tender cool,
Yet fasten'd stand the casements one and all.

Stillness around, and deepest silence lowers;
Suddenly, hark! a whisper as of CHANGE;
Heard in the tender stems, heard in the flowers,
It lisps and nestles eagerly and strange.

Swing from the cups that tremble on those stems
The little spirits, the embodied scents,
Some bearing shields, some topp'd with diadems,
Delicate mists their robes and ornaments.

From the flush'd bosom of the queenly Rose
Arises gracefully a slender Lady,
Pearls glisten in her hair, that freely flows
As dew-drops glisten where the copse is shady.

Forth from the visor of the "Helmet plant"
A keen-faced Knight steps mid the dark-green leaves,
His presence breathing high chivalric vaunt;
Complete in steel he shines from crest to greaves;

Over his morion, nodding waywardly,
Hangs heron plumage, gray, and silver pale,
Leaving the "Lily," with sick, languid eye,
A wood-nymph, thin as gossamer her veil.

Out of the "Turk-cap" comes a swarthy Moor,
Wearing his flaunting robes with scornful show;
On his green turban glitters, fixed before,
The golden radiance of the crescent bow.

Forth from the "Crown-imperial," bold and tall,
Sceptre in hand, appears an ermined King;
From the blue "Iris," girt with falchions all,
His hunters troop, green-vested like the spring.

Sullenly swirling down from the "Narciss,"
A youthful form, with silent sorrow laden,
Steps to the bed, to print his fever'd kiss
Upon the red lips of the sleeping maiden.

The other spirits, crowding, press and swing
All round the couch in many circles gay;
They swing and press themselves, and softly sing
Over the sleeper their mysterious lay;—

"Maiden, O cruel maiden! thou hast torn
Up from the earth our every slender tie,
And, in this gaudy-color'd shard forlorn,
Left us to weaken, wither, fade, and die.

"Alas! how happy once was our repose
On the maternal bosom of the earth,
Where, through the tall tree-tops that o'er us rose,
The sun made vistas to behold our mirth!

"The balmy spring, with many a gentle breeze,
Cooled our weak stems that to his bidding bent;
At eve descending under the still trees
How blissful was our faery merriment!

"Clear on us then fell Heaven's own dew and rain;
Foul water now surrounds us stagnantly;
We fade, and we shall die—but not in vain,
If, ere we pass, our vengeance lights on thee."

The spirits' song is hushed, their errand told;
Bending, around the sleeper's couch they go;
And, with the brooding silences of old,
Returns again the whispering soft and low.

Hark! how the rustling rises round the wreath!
How glow her cheeks, instinctive of their doom;
See how upon her all the spirits breathe—
How the scents undulate throughout the room!

The slanted sparkles of the westering day
Smiting the room, each spirit vanisheth;
Upon the cushions of the couch she lay;
As beautiful, and, ah! as cold as death.

One faded blossom, lying all alone,
Lends to her cheek a tender tint of red,
With her wan sisters sleeps that hapless one—
Oh! fatal breath of flowers!—the maid is dead.

H. G. K.

From "Sharpe's Magazine."

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

There are, perhaps, no two men who ever lived, and left behind them their own memories, who display a more remarkable contrast, than Benjamin Franklin and Benvenuto Cellini. The first is an impersonation of the utilitarianism of modern times, as is the second of the fervid and fiery spirit of the middle ages. The reader of Cellini's autobiography is transported back, with marvelous vividness, to the glorious but troubled

period of the Italian republics, and of the revival of art; he mixes with that galaxy of gifted artists who have left behind them an immortal name; he enters into their manners, feelings, habits, and foibles, as much as if he had been himself living in the midst of them. The artist of that age was a vastly different being from him of the present day. Such was the stimulus given by the spirit of the times to men of genius, and such was the unsettled state of society, that we find them at once painters, sculptors, architects, engineers, musicians, poets, courtiers, and captains. They were called upon to do every thing: one day to carve a statue for the decoration of a city, and the next, peradventure, to draw a plan of fortification for its defence, Benvenuto having, in fact, been thus required to fortify Paris, Rome, and Florence, in the course of his migratory career. Those were days, too, in which every quarrel was put to the arbitrament of the sword, and an artist was called upon to fight for his reputation, after he achieved it by his genius. They were times when morals were often at the lowest ebb, and superstition at its highest flow; in short, when the papal system, at its zenith of splendor and corruption, was paramount over the Italian mind. The spirit of this age, which never can return, was vividly impersonated in Benvenuto Cellini. Loose and reckless in his morals, but profoundly devout and superstitious, always prompt to engage in broils, and repeatedly guilty of homicide, he recounts with the same calm complacency and immeasurable vanity his artistic achievments, his personal encounters, his necromantic visions, his illicit amours, and his visitations in prison by the Saviour of the world. All his adversaries are knaves and fools, and if he puts a man to death, it is never without the most conclusive reasons. He is a striking and a painful instance how completely the influence of a false religion may deprave the natural sentiment of right and wrong. However flagrant were his violations of duty, the absolution of the pope was always at hand, and always sufficient, to lull to rest the troubled conscience of Benvenuto, and, to say truth, it was always most liberally afforded in his behalf.

He was born in Florence in the year 1500, and was contemporary with Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Baccio Bandinello, Torregiano, and a host of other famous men. His father bound him apprentice to a goldsmith, and he soon distinguished himself by his extraordinary abilities. Driven from Florence by a fray, he repaired to Rome, where he obtained much patronage, and afterwards to his native city. Here he was a second time obliged to fly, having nearly killed one of his rivals in art. Again he returns to Rome, where he was soon taken notice of by the pope, and employed in many important commissions. It was a most exciting period; the Constable of Bourbon was just about to besiege Rome, and Benvenuto, while engaged in a skirmish without the walls, declares that he was the individual who shot the Constable as he scaled the wall of the city. He was now shut up with the pope in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he performed a notable and Munchausenlike feat of skill.

"I now gave my whole attention to firing my guns, by which means I did signal execution, so that I had in a high degree acquired the favor and good graces of his Holiness. There passed not a day that I did not kill some of the army without the castle. One day amongst others, the pope happened to walk upon the round rampart, when he saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel whom he knew by certain tokens; and understanding that he had formerly been in his service, he said something concerning him, all the while observing him attentively. I who was above at the battery, and knew nothing of the matter, but saw a man who was employed in getting the ramparts repaired, and who stood with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose-color, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was almost equal to a demi-culverin, turned it round, and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed it at him exactly; though he was at so great a distance, that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far, I fired off the gun, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle; he had arrogantly placed his sword before him in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit against his sword, and the man was seen severed into two pieces. The pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted and surprised at what

he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as by reason he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this he sent for me, and made an inquiry into the whole affair: I told him the art I had used to fire in that manner; but as for the man's being split into two pieces, neither he nor I were able to account for it. So falling upon my knees I entreated his Holiness to absolve me from the guilt of homicide, *as likewise from other crimes which I had committed in that castle in the service of the church.* The pope lifting up his hands and making the sign of the cross over me, said that he blessed me, and gave me his absolution, for *all the homicides that I had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the apostolical church.*"

After these passages of arms, we find Cellini, in the pursuit of his profession, again dividing himself between Florence and Rome. The pope still continued his fast friend and patron, but some of the cardinals being his enemies, he was often embroiled in disputes with them, and through them with his Holiness himself.

"The pope set out for Bologna, leaving Cardinal Salviati, his legate, in Rome, and ordered him to hurry me on with the work, expressing himself in these words: 'Benvenuto is a man that sets but little value upon his abilities, and less upon me; so be sure that you hurry him on, that the chalice may be finished at my return.' This stupid cardinal sent to me in about eight days, ordering me to bring my work with me; but I went to him without it. As soon as I came into his presence he said to me: 'Where is this fantastical work of yours? Have you finished it?' I made answer, 'Most reverend sir, I have not finished my fantastical work, as you are pleased to call it, nor can I finish it, except you give me wherewithal to enable me.' Scarce had I uttered those words, when the cardinal, whose face was liker that of an ass than a human creature, began to look more hideous than before, and immediately proceeding to abusive language, said, 'I'll confine you aboard a galley, and then you will be glad to finish the work.' As I had a brute to deal with, I used the language proper on the occasion, which was as follows: 'My lord, when I am guilty of crimes deserving the galleys, then you may send me thither; but for such an offence as mine, I am not afraid: nay, I will tell you more: on account of this ill treatment, I will not finish the work at all; so send no more for me, for I will not come, except I am compelled by the city guard.' The foolish cardinal then tried by fair means to persuade me to go on with the work in hand, and to bring what I had done, that he might examine it: in answer to all his persuasions I said, 'Tell his Holiness to send me the materials, if he would have me finish this fantastical work;' nor would I give him any other answer, insomuch that, despairing of success, he at last ceased to trouble me with his importunities. The pope returned from Bologna, and immediately inquired after me, for the cardinal had already given him, by letter, the most unfavorable account of me he possibly could. His Holiness being incensed against me to the highest degree, ordered me to come to him with my work; and I obeyed. During the time he was at Bologna, I had so severe a defluxion upon my eyes, that life became almost insupportable to me: that was the first cause of my not proceeding with the chalice. So much did I suffer by this disorder, that I really thought I should lose my eyesight; and I computed how much would be sufficient for my support when I was blind. In my way to the palace, I meditated within myself an excuse for discontinuing the work; and thought, that whilst the pope was considering and examining my performance, I might acquaint him with my case; but I was mistaken; for as soon as I appeared in his presence, he said to me, with great asperity, 'Let me see that work of yours. Is it finished?' Upon my producing it, he flew into a more violent passion than before, and said, 'As there is truth in God, I assure you, since you value no living soul, that if a regard to decency did not prevent me, I would order both you and your work to be thrown this moment out of the window.' Seeing the pope thus inflamed with brutal fury, I was for quitting his presence directly, and as he continued his bravadoes, I put the chalice under my cloak, muttering these words to myself, 'The whole world would prove unable to make a blind man proceed in such an undertaking as this.' The pope then, with a louder voice than before, said, 'Come

hither:—what's that you say?' For a while I hesitated whether I should run down stairs. At last I plucked up my courage, and falling on my knees, exclaimed aloud in these words, because he continued to scold, 'Is it reasonable that when I am become blind with a disorder, you should oblige me to continue to work?' He answered: 'You could see well enough to come hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say.' Observing that he spoke with a milder tone of voice, I replied, 'If your Holiness will ask your physician, you will find that I declare the truth.' 'I shall inquire into the matter at my leisure,' said he. I now perceived that I had an opportunity to plead my cause, and therefore delivered myself thus: 'I am persuaded, most holy father, that the author of all this mischief is no other than Cardinal Salviati; because he sent for me immediately upon your Holiness's departure; and when I came to him, called my work a fantastical piece, and told me he would make me finish it in a galley: these opprobrious words made such an impression on me, that through the great perturbation of mind I was in, I felt my face all on a sudden inflamed, and my eyes were attacked by so violent a heat, that I could hardly find my way home. A few days after there fell upon them two cataracts, which blinded me to such a degree that I could hardly see the light; and since your Holiness's departure I have not been able to do a stroke of work.' Having spoken thus, I rose up and withdrew. I was told that the pope said after I was gone, 'When places of trust are given, discretion is not always conveyed with them. I did not bid the cardinal treat people quite so roughly; if it be true that he has a disorder in his eyes, as I shall know by asking my physician, I shall be inclined to look upon him with an eye of compassion.' There happened to be present a person of distinction, who was a great favorite with the pope, and equally conspicuous for his extraordinary virtues and endowments: having inquired of the pontiff who I was, he added, 'Holy father, I ask you this, because you appeared to me, in the same breath, to fall into a most violent passion and to be equally affected and softened into pity; so I desire to know who he is. If he be a person deserving of assistance, I'll tell him a secret to cure his disorder.' The pope made answer, 'The person you speak of is one of the greatest geniuses in his way that the world ever produced—when I see you again, I will show you some of his admirable performances, as likewise the man himself; and it will be a great satisfaction to me, if you are able to do him any service.'"

The pope was soon after attacked by a fatal disorder. Benvenuto then put on his sword, and repaired to St. Peter's, where he kissed the feet of the deceased pontiff, "and could not refrain from tears." On his way home he fell into a brawl, one of the many in which he was always getting engaged, and the consequences of which proved fatal to his adversary, one Pompeo, a rival in his own profession, who had unfairly decried his works.

"Whilst I was sitting here, in the company of several of my friends, Pompeo happened to pass by in the midst of ten armed men, and when he came opposite to the place where I sat, stopped awhile as if he had an intention to begin a quarrel. The brave young men, my friends, were for having me draw directly, but I instantly reflected that by complying with their desire, I could not avoid hurting innocent persons; therefore thought it most advisable to expose none but myself to danger. Pompeo having made a short stop before my door, began to laugh in my face; and when he went off, his comrades fell a laughing likewise, shook their heads and made many gestures in derision, bullying me at a strange rate. My companions were for interposing in the quarrel, but I told them in an angry mood that in my disputes I never had occasion for the help of any champions, and that I knew how to end them unassisted; so that every man might mind his own business. Mortified at this answer, they went away, muttering to themselves: amongst these was the dearest friend I had in the world, whose name was Albertaccio de Bene, own brother to Allessandro and Albizzo, who now resides at Lyons, and is exceeding wealthy. This Albertaccio del Bene was one of the most surprising young men I ever knew, as intrepid as Cæsar, and one who loved me as he loved himself: he was well aware that my forbearance was not an effect of pusillanimity, but of the most undaunted resolution, which he knew to be one of my distin-

guishing characteristics; in answer therefore to what I said, he begged of me as a favor, that I would indulge him so far as to take him for my companion in any enterprise. To this I replied, "My dearest friend Albertaccio, a time will soon come that I shall have occasion for your assistance; but on the present occasion, if you love me, do not give yourself any concern about me; only mind your own affairs, and quit the place directly, as the rest have done, for we must not trifle away time." These words were uttered in great haste; in the mean time my enemies of the Banchi quarter had walked on slowly towards a place called Chiavica, and reached a cross way where several streets meet; but that in which stood the house of my adversary Pompeo led directly to the Campo di Fiore. Pompeo entered an apothecary's shop at the corner of the Chiavica, about some business, and stayed with him some time. I was told that he had boasted of having bullied me; but it turned out a fatal adventure to him; for just as I arrived at that quarter, he was coming out of the shop, and his bravoes having made an opening, formed a circle round him. I thereupon clapped my hand to a sharp dagger, and having forced my way through the file of ruffians, laid hold of him by the breast so quickly, and with such presence of mind, that there was not one of them able to defend him. I pulled him towards me, to give him a blow in front, but he turned his face about through excess of terror, so that I wounded him exactly under the ear; and upon repeating my blow, he fell down dead. It had never been my intention to kill him, but only to wound him dangerously, but blows are not always under command. Having pulled back the dagger with my left hand, and drawn my sword with the right, in order to defend myself, when I found that all the ruffians ran up to the dead body, and none of them towards me, or seemed at all disposed to encounter me, I retreated towards the street Julia, revolving within myself whither I could make my escape."

Nothing can be more truly edifying than the conduct of the new pope when informed of this untoward business.

"As soon," says Benvenuto, "as this new pontiff had settled other affairs of greater importance, he inquired after me, and declared that he would employ nobody else to stamp his coins. When he spoke thus, a gentleman, whose name was Signor Latino Giovenale, said that I was obliged to abscond for having killed one Pompeo, a Milanese, in a fray; he then gave an account of the whole affair, putting it in the most favorable light for me that was possible. The pope made answer, 'I never heard of the death of Pompeo, but I have often heard of Benvenuto's provocation; so let a safe-conduct be instantly made out, and that will secure him from all manner of danger.' There happened to be present an intimate friend of Pompeo's, who was likewise a favorite of the pontiff; this was Signor Ambrogio, a native of Milan. This person told his Holiness that it might be of dangerous consequence to grant such favors immediately upon being raised to his new dignity. The pope instantly turning about to him, said, '*You do not understand these matters; I must inform you that men who are masters in their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws;* but he less than any other, for I am sensible that he was in the right *in the whole affair.*'"

After a while the Emperor Charles V. made his triumphal entry into Rome, when Benvenuto was chosen by the pope to present him with a specimen of his skill, and remained for half an hour in conversation with the emperor, which shows, as Vasari observes, "that he knew as well how to speak to princes, as to exert himself in his art." This flattering incident was soon followed by a terrible reverse of fortune. Upon a false charge of having concealed certain jewels intrusted to his care, he was thrown into a dungeon in the Castle of St. Angelo. There the vividness of his imagination, combined with the consciousness of his innocence, soon pictured our Saviour as coming personally to console him for his miseries. After a preliminary vision he observes,—

"There appeared a Christ upon the cross formed of the self-same matter as the sun, and so gracious and pleasing was his aspect, that no human imagination could ever form so much as a faint idea of such beauty. As I was contemplating this glorious apparition, I cried out aloud, 'A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency divine! O goodness infinite! what mercies dost thou lavish on me

this morning!' At the very time that I thus meditated and uttered these words, the figure of Christ began to move towards the side where the rays were concentered; and the middle of the sun swelled and bulged out as at first: the protuberance having increased considerably, was at last converted into the figure of a beautiful Virgin Mary, who appeared to sit with her Son in her arms in a graceful attitude, and even to smile; she stood between two angels of so divine a beauty, that imagination could not even form an idea of such perfection. I likewise saw in the same sun, a figure dressed in sacerdotal robes; this figure turned its back to me, and looked towards the Blessed Virgin holding Christ in her arms. All these things I clearly and plainly saw, and with a loud voice continued to return thanks to the Almighty. This wonderful phenomenon having appeared before me about eight minutes, vanished from my sight, and I was instantly conveyed back to my couch. I then began to make loud exclamations, crying out thus: 'It has pleased the Almighty to reveal to me all his glory in a splendor which perhaps no mortal eye ever before beheld; hence I know that I am free, happy, and in favor with God; as for you, unhappy wretches, you will continue in disgrace with him. Know that I am certain that on All Saints' day, on which I was born in 1500, the night of the first November, exactly at twelve o'clock; know, I say, that on the anniversary of that day you will be obliged to take me out of this dismal cell; for I have seen it with my eyes, and it was prefigured on the throne of God. The priest who looked towards Christ, and had his back turned to me, was St. Peter, who pleaded my cause, and appeared to be quite ashamed that such cruel insults should be offered to Christians in his house. So proclaim it everywhere, that no one has any further power to hurt me, and tell the pope, *that if he will supply me with wax or paper to represent the glorious vision sent to me from heaven, I will certainly do it.*'"

After his release from prison, Benvenuto repaired to the court of the munificent Francis I. of France, with whom he became a great favorite, but in consequence of his haughty and independent humor, was so persecuted by Madame d'Etampes, the king's mistress, that he at length repaired to Florence, there to reap fresh triumphs, and to engage in fresh disputes. Baccio Bandinello, the celebrated sculptor, was the principal object of our Benvenuto's jealousy, and the following scene between them, in presence of the Duke of Florence, is perhaps the richest specimen of artists' quarrels on record:—

"One holiday I went to the palace immediately after dinner, and entering the hall where the great clock stands, I saw the door of the wardrobe open; as I presented myself, the duke beckoned to me, and with great complaisance addressed me thus: 'You are welcome to court,' alluding to my name of Benvenuto, "take this little chest, which was sent me as a present by Signor Stephano of Palestrina; open it, and let us see what it contains.' I instantly opened it, and answered the duke: 'This, my lord, is the figure of a little boy in Greek marble, and is indeed a very extraordinary piece; I don't remember ever having seen amongst the antiques so beautiful a performance, or one of so exquisite a taste; I therefore offer your excellency to restore its head, arms, and feet; and make an eagle for it, that it may be called a Ganymede: and though it is by no means proper for me to patch up old statues, as that is generally done by a sort of bunglers in the business, who acquit themselves very indifferently, the excellence of this great master is such, that it powerfully excites me to do him this piece of service.' The duke was highly pleased to find the figure had such merit, and asked me several questions about it: 'Tell me,' said he, 'Benvenuto, in what precisely consists the extraordinary excellence of this great master, which excites in you such wonder and surprise?' I endeavored the best I could to give him an idea of the extraordinary beauty of the statue, of the great genius, skill, and admirable manner of the artist, conspicuous in his work; topics on which I enlarged a long time, and that with the greater earnestness, as I perceived that his excellency took pleasure in listening to me. Whilst I amused him so agreeably with my conversation, a page happened to open the door of the wardrobe, and just as he came out Bandinello entered: the duke, seeing him, appeared to be in some disorder, and asked him, with a stern look, what he was about; Bandinello, without

making any answer, immediately fixed his eye on the little chest, in which the above-mentioned statue was very plainly to be seen; then shaking his head, he turned to the duke, and said, with a scornful sneer, 'My lord, this is one of those things I have so often spoken to your excellency about; depend upon it, the ancients knew nothing of the anatomy of the parts, and for that reason their works abound with errors.' I stood silent, and gave no attention to what he had advanced, but on the contrary turned my back to him. When the fool had made an end of his nonsensical harangue, the duke, addressing himself to me, said, 'Benvenuto, this is quite the reverse of what you awhile ago so much boasted, and seemed to prove by so many specious arguments: so endeavor to defend your own cause.' To these words of the duke, which were spoken with great mildness, I answered, 'My lord, your excellency is to understand that Baccio Bandinello is a compound of every thing that is bad, and so he has always been; insomuch, that whatsoever he looks at is by his fascinating eyes, however superlatively good in itself, immediately converted into something supremely evil: but I, who am inclined to good alone, see the truth through a happier medium; so that all I mentioned awhile ago to your excellency concerning that beautiful figure is strictly and literally true, and what Bandinello has said of it is purely the result of his own innate malevolence.'

"The duke seemed to hear me with pleasure, and whilst I expressed myself thus, Bandinello writhed himself into a variety of contortions, and made his face, which was by nature very ugly, quite hideous by his frightful grimaces. Immediately the duke, quitting the hall, went down to the ground-floor apartments, and Bandinello after him: the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, pulling me by the cloak, encouraged me to go after him; so we followed the duke till he sat himself down in one of the rooms, and Bandinello and I placed ourselves one on his right, the other on his left. I remained silent, and many of the duke's servants who stood round kept their eyes fixed on Bandinello, tittering when they recollected what I had said to him in the hall above. Bandinello again began to chatter, and said, that when he exhibited his Hercules and Cacus to the public, he really believed there were above a hundred lampoons published against him, which contained all the vilest ribaldry that could enter into the imagination of the rabble. To this I answered, 'My lord, when your great artist, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, exhibited his sacristy, in which so many beautiful figures are to be seen, the members of the admirable school of Florence, which loves and encourages genius wherever it displays itself, published above a hundred sonnets wherein they vie with each other which should praise him most; and as Bandinello deserved all the ill that was said of his work, so Michael Angelo merited the highest encomiums that were bestowed on his performance.' Upon my expressing myself thus, Bandinello was incensed to such a degree, that he was ready to burst with fury, and turning to me said, 'What faults have you to find with my statues?' I answered, 'I will soon tell them, if you have but the patience to hear me.' He replied, 'Tell them then.' The duke and all present listened with the utmost attention. I began by premising that I was sorry to be obliged to lay before him all the blemishes of his work, and that I was not so properly delivering my own sentiments, as declaring what was said of it by the ingenious school of Florence. However, as the fellow at one time said something disobliging, at another made some offensive gesture with his hands or his feet, he put me into such a passion that I behaved with a rudeness which I should otherwise have avoided.

"'The ingenious school of Florence,' said I, 'declares what follows:—If the hair of your Hercules were shaved off, there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains; with regard to his face, it is hard to distinguish whether it be the face of a man or that of a creature something between a lion and an ox; it discovers no attention to what it is about; and it is so badly set upon the neck, with so little art and so ungraceful a manner, that a more shocking piece of work was never seen; his great brawny back resembles the two pommels of an ass's pack-saddle; his breasts and their muscles bear no similitude to those of a man, but appear like a sack of melons; as he leans directly against the wall, the small of the back has the appearance of a bag filled with long cucumbers; it is impossible to conceive in what

manner the two legs are fastened to this distorted figure, for it is hard to distinguish upon which leg he stands, or upon which he exerts any effort of his strength, nor does he appear to stand upon both, as he is sometimes represented by those masters of the art of statuary who know something of their business; it is plain, too, that the statue inclines more than one-third of a cubit forward, and this is the greatest and the most insupportable blunder which pretenders to sculpture are guilty of; as for the arms, they both hang down in the most awkward and ungraceful manner imaginable, and so little art is displayed in them, that people would be almost tempted to think that you never saw a naked man in your life; the right leg of Hercules and that of Cacus touch at the middle of their calves, and, if they were to be separated, not one of them only, but both would remain without a calf in the place where they touch: besides, one of the Hercules's feet is quite buried, and the other seems to have fire under it.' Thus I went on, but the man could no longer stay with patience to hear the defects of his figure of Cacus enumerated; one reason was that what I said was true, the other, that I made the duke perfectly acquainted with his real character, as well as the rest of those present, who discovered the greatest symptoms of surprise imaginable, and began to be sensible that all I said was true. The brutish fellow thereupon said, 'O thou slanderer, dost thou say nothing of my design?' I answered that he who drew a good one, could never work ill, and that I was convinced his design was of a piece with his works. Seeing that the duke and all present showed, by their sarcastic looks and gestures, that they thought the censure of his performance to be just, he let his insolence entirely get the better of him, and, turning about to me with the most brutish physiognomy, assailed me with the most infamous epithets. When he expressed himself thus, the duke and all present frowned upon him, and discovered symptoms of the highest displeasure. I, though full of passion, thought it best to treat him with ridicule, and succeeded so well, that none present could contain themselves, but both the duke and all present set up a loud laugh. Though I endeavored to put a good face upon the matter, I was ready to burst with vexation, that one of the most worthless wretches upon earth should have the impudence to affront me in so gross a manner in the presence of a great prince; but the reader should at the same time take into consideration, that on this occasion the duke was affronted and not I, for had I not been in his august presence, I should have killed the villain upon the spot. Perceiving that the noble personages present never once ceased laughing, this low buffoon, to divert them from deriding him, began to change the subject, and said, 'This Benvenuto here goes about making it his boast, that I promised him a block of marble.' 'How,' said I, interrupting him, 'did you not send word by your journeyman, Francis Matteo Fabbro, that if I chose to work in marble, you would make me a present of a piece? Did I not accept that offer, and don't I still require of you the performance of your promise?' He replied then, 'Depend upon it, you shall never have it.' Thereupon I, who was incensed to the highest pitch by his former abuse, being suddenly deprived of my reason, as it were, forgot for a moment that I was in the presence of the duke, and cried out to him in a passion: 'In plain terms, either send the marble to my house, or think of another world, for I will infallibly send you out of this:' but immediately recollecting that I was in the presence of so great a prince, I turned with an air of humility to his excellency, and said, 'My lord, one fool makes a hundred; the folly of this man has made me forget your excellency's glory, and myself, for which I humbly beg your lordship's pardon.' The duke addressing himself to Bandinello, asked him whether it was true that he had promised me the marble. Bandinello answered it was. The duke thereupon said to me, 'Return to your work and take a piece of marble to your liking.' I replied that he had promised to send me one to my own house. Terrible words passed upon the occasion and I insisted upon receiving it in that manner and no other."

But we should stretch this article beyond all reasonable limits, did we go on any longer quoting scene after scene from this most amusing of autobiographies. Suffice it to say, that in 1570 Benvenuto Cellini at length died at Florence, which he had so greatly contributed to adorn, where he had risen to the very highest honors, and where

he was buried with the greatest funeral pomp. His character is better displayed by his own pen, than it could be by the most elaborate estimate on the part of others.

From the London "Lady's Companion."

WOMAN AND HER FRIENDS.

One feels curious to know—one often longs to know—what the fate of women, generally, would be, if the wishes of *some*, gifted much above the average of their sex, were fulfilled. Wishes for *themselves* I do not now mean, but aspirations after something for other women,—not quite emancipation—not so odious as that,—but something scarcely to be defined better than as just what they have not—just a change, involving an idea of greater dignity, inasmuch as it opens the way to greater freedom of action. What is called "The Woman Question," is one so strongly to my distaste, that I am not about to introduce it here; but, as I cannot move among my lady-friends, discerning everywhere bright gleams of thought and generous feeling, without speculation on the use and abuse of their good gifts, upon their present weaknesses in practice, and the probable consequences of an enlarged sphere of action, I hope I may put down a few of the thoughts that occur to me.

It is certainly a painful thing that we see so many women beating against their bars—wishing to be one thing or other, rather than what they are. I believe that the tendency of her education being to add greatly to the variety of her mental resources, Woman's danger is now rather more from the head than the heart; she is looking more for a field of activity for her mind, some way of using her expanded and enlarged powers, than for a settlement or an object of affection; and thus it is that any weakness in the logical powers, any great inconsistency resulting from partial training, is of the most mischievous effect. Now and then we note some thoroughly noble-minded, and, in herself, happy and privileged woman, taking up the cause of aspirants after greater liberty, rather than aiding them to be more fit for that liberty,—coupling her own honored and unsuspected name with the names of the vain and ambitious, whose motives, whose whole mode of thinking and being, must be changed before they can be worthy of the position in which she would place them. How hard it is steadily to say "nay" to the crotchets of some of these benevolent women, so eager to help their sex, but so woefully ignorant, as we think, of the way! Pure and warm-hearted enthusiasts! worth many times more than the wise woman of the world, who guides herself by a sharp and prudent look-out towards some fashionable centre of authority! Of these last, the less we say the better. I reverence the little word "must,"—I look with respect on the strong decrees that places me where I am,—but have no wish to wear a bracelet of gold as an ornament, when it is in reality a manacle.

One grand consideration, meanwhile, which damps my ardor, and disables me from responding to the eager endeavors after greater outward liberty for women, is the all but universal faintness of their grasp at a subject, and a great predominance of the faculty of *Wonder* among them. So few even of those I most love and respect among women, possess truly calm minds, that I can scarcely call to mind the individual whom I have not, at one time or other, known to be victimized by this rapidly acting power. Most frequently it takes the form of a catch at something a little out of the common way, in character or circumstance, something which is agreeable, simply because of that novelty, or for associated novelties. In other minds, it is merely egotism carried into the region of the wonderful. Whether the object brought out by it be in itself massive or minute; whether the question be of missionary enterprises, or whether it has to do with one's flowers, or the cultivation of a field or two, any thing which, being done in rather a new way, may stimulate the fancy, will do.

Far more serious things are behind. It is but too true that, possessing, in general, as I have said, but a faint grasp of a subject, women are fond of rushing into very complex things. If there be subjects requiring, in the examination and discussion, the nicest possible judgment, the rarest combination of mental and moral science, the deepest seriousness, the clearest and the calmest thought, *those* will be caught at by the eager, rushing energy of impetuous women,—*those* are the heights they will try to scale,—those the depths they seek to fathom,

—those the studies they will think they have mastered, and those the grand truths they are bound to proclaim, aloud and always, for the benefit of the human race. To them the greatest of all evils seems to be delay. They cannot wait; extempore duty must be done: it is better to make mischief than to be quiet. And thus, to be courageous and bold, or, at least, to seem so, is their favorite virtue. True it is that not many may attain this measure of self-confidence; still, by the few, numbers are misled; and many, only third-rates among awakened women, spend, through their means, miserable lives, waging petty warfare against the thoughts and the habits of those who live around them; stretching after things they *cannot*, and neglecting the duties they *can* compass.

Would we look at this matter quietly, I am persuaded we should regard it as furnishing the best and strongest reasons for a more enlarged education of women. I am not prepared to place any absolute barrier between woman and the pursuit of any respectable professional object, but this I certainly feel, that it is cruel to wish her a wider sphere unless you bestow on her a more equal cultivation, meaning by "equal," nothing *identical*, but only that the nature of the woman should be as carefully attended to as that of the man. I have no great idea that merely governess-taught girls will ever be hopeful subjects. From a training committed, in almost all points, to women, there will come merely a repetition of the old errors —self-consciousness in the many, boldness and breaking loose in the few. Nature's way is best. The minds of both men and women should be combined to make an education good; the imagination of the woman receiving qualification from the intellect of the man. It is matter of just remark—even complaint—that, while our day is favored beyond example with a *wide* diffusion of knowledge, such as it is, it is spread out so *thinly*. There are so few people, women especially, of whom we can say that they do any one thing VERY WELL INDEED. They seldom seem to select an object of pursuit, and stand by it. A little of every thing—*that* is the general fashion. With all our clever sharp-shooting, we do not often obtain accurate remarks upon subjects even which have formed a large part of a woman's education; still seldomer do we find "intellectual vegetation." Concentration of thought on any subject,—high views of knowledge,—aspirations after every form of truth, are but too rare. Young women turn from a school-life as if education was finished; and, if anxious after duty, still think of moral duty chiefly as it concerns their families and the poor of the parish. The pursuit of art is regarded as a mere pleasure,—an amusement. Painting a picture is a pleasant way of spending an hour; and if the picture is pretty, it can be framed. But a rare thing it is to find them entertaining the idea of art as something that is worthy of reverend love. If you speak of *conscience* in connection with music or painting, they know not what you mean. As there is nothing to them sacred in the conceptions of genius, nor fixed in the laws of sound or of vision, in orderly obedience to which every true artist must move, so they cannot conceive that when this obedience is faithfully rendered in the cultivation of art, it is a proof of the presence of a spirit without which no high love of truth, no lofty self-sacrifice, is possible. They who have ever had the happiness of knowing living examples of the following out of high art, know what a quiet and holy tone it may give to the whole character,—how it is philosophy and poetry, and even religion,—how it may draw from the smallest and the vastest things perpetual nourishment and extension. T.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

LONDON SPARROWS.

A NICE light dinner at my club, to-day—no politics after it—too wise for that—bad for digestion at my age. I will go home at once. As the evening is fine, I will take Cockspur Street in my way, in order to have a look at the window of Squires' (late Colnaghi and Puckle's) print-shop. How it shines with rich effects of light and shade!

Now, let me see. What is that? My spectacles. So, I thought it was his. Carlo Dolce's "Madonna colle Stelle." How beautiful! how more than beautiful! A divine light, like an inward tear, gleams in the eye, as though the soul were melting with grief, too sacred to be allowed to gush forth upon the cheek, far less to fall upon the earth. Moreover, the deep sorrow is tempered with

a resigned and loving sweetness—a looking upward to One whose presence to her inspired vision, or rapt and devout imagination, gives balm and consolation to her mute heart's anguish. A window full of prints like this, and those of Paul and Dominic Colnaghi, and one or two others ——

But what is this fidgeting behind me—this twitching at my coat-skirts? I turn round. Nobody is behind me. There is nobody close to me. Some people passing by—but not near. I must have fancied it.

Any thing new in the window, since I last came by. Yes—"Les Saintes Femmes vont au tombeau du Christ." The painter, judging by those two heads, for I don't recollect the design—must be Raphael. Let me see—my spectacles again. "Charles Landell, *pinxit!*" Astonishing audacity! The deliberate imitation in style and character of two of the heads, and the direct robbery of the third! This latter one is Raphael's "St. Anne." Why, I know it as well as I know my own face, and better. It is in Raphael's "Holy Family" entitled "La Perle," and was, some years ago, in possession of the King of Spain. The cool and barefaced way in which artists continually purloin ——

There, again!—certainly something pushed along close behind me; yet there's no crowd, nor any one at my side. To be sure, at the other end of the window-front there is a little urchin looking in at a print. It could not have been he. How earnestly he gazes at Raphael's "Madonna, with the infant Christ!" But now I look again at him, what a face he has! what bad features and expression. How can he feel any sympathy with what he gazes upon. It must be mere curiosity. Yet how intent he seems. He is very diminutive, and cannot be above eight or nine years of age; yet he has the face of a bad man of fifty. He has a sallow complexion, a retreating forehead, with dirty light hair, very coarse and short. No cap; so that I see the shape of his head, which is very small, and compressed in front and at the sides, and rises behind very high, and expands. His nose is mean and pinched, with a sharp ridge, his eyes very small, his cheek-bones and the lower jaw very large for such a child; his mouth also is large, and projects, and his chin juts out sharply—the little Tartar. But what is this on the other side of me, and close under my elbow? Another poor little imp of about ten years of age. How extremely plain—not to say ugly—street-children often are! Their hard life and the characters of their parents, causes it. This child, who is now staring in at the window upon a print of Sir Robert Peel, and flattening his nose against the glass, has a forehead "villainous low," with dark eyes, and short dark hair, and his diminutive face, both in features and expression, is uncommonly like one end of a cocoa-nut.

What a sad lot for these children to be left thus,—perhaps even turned adrift by their parents to wander about the streets, and pick up, here and there, a precarious crumb! And now, as I turn round, I see three others, apparently in the same wretched outcast condition—two boys and a girl. The elder boy seems not to care much about it; he has, no doubt, become more accustomed to his lot. He is between twelve and thirteen. His voice is hoarse, cracked, and discordant; perhaps by some street-cry. He has a large projecting nose, red pulpy lips, a long chin, and a long throat, uncovered. No collar—indeed, now I look again, no shirt; and he wears a greasy jacket and trowsers, both much too small for him; so that his large red hands and wrists, swollen with chilblains, hang listlessly far below the end of his sleeves; and his long, thin ankles, and large unshapely feet are so far below the end of his trowsers as to give the appearance of the legs and feet of a bird. He is whistling a sort of jig tune, and beating time with one of his heels. Poor boy!—I dare say he would be very glad to work if he had an opportunity. A girl, of about twelve, stands on one side of him. She is so scantily clad as to be scarcely decent. Her shoulder-blades stick up, she is so meagre, and she shivers with the cold. But I do not like the expression of her face; for, though I pity her eager, hungry look, and evidently bad state of health, I cannot help seeing that she has very much the look of a sickly rat. On the other side of the elder boy stands a younger one—of some ten years of age. He is very pale, and has fair hair, a rueful mouth, rather dropping at the corners, large sad eyes, with very long lashes, and an expression at once timid, yet indifferent—innocent, and guilty. Guilty!—of

what can such a child be guilty? They slowly walk away, all three—perhaps in consequence of my observing them so attentively. They quicken their pace as they turn the corner. Why was I so tardy to relieve them? It would have become me, as a Christian, to have thought of relieving their necessities, even for the night, far better than to have speculated upon their physiognomies as a philosopher. But it is time for me to return home. Sad addition to my experience. My wife waiting tea for —— bless my so—— where?—it can't be?—yes, it can—my watch is gone! Slipt down through my pocket—no doubt—there's a hole in it—no—or it fell out while I was stooping to fasten my gaiter-button, in Pall Mall. Most vexatious. A family watch! Gold chain, and seals, too! Well—it can't be helped. In these cases a pinch of snuff often—often—pshaw!—often relieves—relieves one—hillo!—have I been relieved of that, also! Perhaps it's in my side pocket, with my purse—purse! why, my purse is gone! I really begin to think I must have been robbed!

It was but too true. I had been robbed. Nor have I recounted the extent; for, on arriving at home, I found that I had also lost a white cambric handkerchief, and a silk snuff handkerchief; and my wife, making a further examination, discovered that I had lost my gold spectacles and case, a diamond shirt-pin, a box of Tolu lozenges, which I had purchased in the morning, and a handsomely bound edition of Isaak Walton's delightful "Treatise on Angling." But where, and when, I could have lost all these things—by what means, and by whom I could have been robbed—I was utterly at a loss to conjecture.

I remained in this condition, of perfect innocence and bewilderment as to the nimble fingers that had picked my pockets, till this morning, when, casually looking over a newspaper, of a week or two back, I alighted upon the following Police Report:—

"Precocious Crime and Impudence.—At the Mansion House, three boys, the eldest only eleven, and the two others *under nine* years of age, were charged with picking pockets. A lad had, to his surprise, seen one of them slide a small stick into the pocket of a gentleman, and open it for inspection; and he had seen the process repeated on several succeeding customers, but, as it chanced, without disclosing any prospect of spoil. The two companions kept close, covering their leader's operations, and ready to receive his booty and make off as fast as possible.

"On this statement being made, the smallest of the boys exclaimed, 'Don't you believe a word he says, my lord; it's all nothing but out-and-out lies.'"

"Lord Mayor. 'What did you carry that stick for?'

"Boy. 'What for? why, to keep away any boys that might want to whack me, to be sure.'

"The other urchin, looking the Lord Mayor full in the face, assured him that their accuser was a regular liar, and he would nap it some day for what he said against innocent people. The eldest of the boys said he had neither father nor mother; that he lived with a woman in Mint Street, to whom he paid a penny a-night for his bed; and that he grubbed about for his victuals in the day.

"Lord Mayor. 'I shall cause inquiries to be made about you, and send you to the House of Occupation.'

"Boy. 'Don't do that. If you let me go, you shan't have me any more, I'll promise you.'

"Lord Mayor. 'No; you shall have some protection. As for the other two, they shall be whipped in the presence of their parents, who are here, and discharged.'"

A light—a lurid beam, but still a light—broke upon me, as I laid down the paper, and snatched off my spectacles. The children!—the little objects looking in at the print-shop in Cockspur Street—looking in at Sir Robert Peel—and the Madonna—and lurking round about, behind me!—those were the poor innocents who had so adroitly dipped into my pockets, and relieved me of the contents. Those were the London Sparrows, who "grubbed about" the streets for their victuals in the day, and picked up whatever they could find by night! To think of a gentleman at my time of life, being robbed by infants of eight or nine years of age!—and to think of a wise and paternal government being able to devise no better remedy for so shocking an employment for infants, than that of giving them a whipping!

Discoursing on these matters last night at my club, there happened to be present a gentleman, (Mr. Joseph Tweezer,) a member of the Statistical Society, who had paid much attention to the subject of infant thieves, and he informed me, that the fact, of which I made so much, though it might

be much to me on account of the loss, was a common occurrence.

"Yes, sir," said I, "but, if I seem to make much of it, you must also add my first shock at such very early depravity—a depravity that makes but one step between the cradle and the gallows! Surely, Mr. Tweezer, you do not call *that* a common occurrence?"

Mr. Tweezer assured me that it was. He told me he had often attended at the Police Courts, and had been an eye and ear-witness to scenes quite equal to the one I mentioned having recently read in a newspaper police report. Only two days ago he was present when a little boy of nine years of age was brought up for examination. It was proved that he had robbed a till in a shop in broad day, and while the shopman was there. He had watched the man till he moved away from behind the counter, and then dropping on all-fours, the diminutive thief crawled along the floor on his hands and knees, got underneath the counter, and raising one hand, softly drew out the till-drawer, and took three shillings and sixpence. He would have got safe off, but for a customer entering the door just as he was creeping out.

"Dreadful precocity!" said I. "My oil and Italian merchant told me that a short time ago three little boys came to his shop door, and begged in the most eloquent terms, for a half-penny, "to buy a bit of bread." He did not give them the half-penny, but he gave each of them a piece of bread. They had been gone about five minutes, when he discovered they had stolen a bottle of olives to eat with it. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that the boys, no doubt, took the olives for preserved gooseberries, or nice plums; so that whether they ate them direct out of the bottle, or had a pudding made of them, the expression of face with which he knew they would look at each other on the first mouthful, would well repay him for the loss. But as to the impudence of infant thieves, even in the presence of the magistrate, of which you tell me, surely this is not a common occurrence?"

"It continually happens," replied Mr. Tweezer: "I once saw a little imp, of not more than ten years of age—and very small even for that age—brought before the magistrate for attempting to steal a bundle of dried sprats from a fishmonger's, simply watching a moment when nobody was in the shop. He was caught by a policeman happening to pass the door just as he darted out with his prize. But the sprats were not found upon him. He had contrived to get rid of them, the instant he found himself seized. When the magistrate asked him what he had to say for himself, he replied, 'Ax fifty-two (the number of the policeman) what *he* has to say, your worship, for taking hold on a hinnocent boy in that way, all for nothink?' The magistrate was amazed. 'For nothing! you little rascal,' said he; 'why, did you not steal a bundle of dried sprats?' 'No, your worship, not a bit on it—on my hoath, if I did.' The magistrate fixed his eye upon the little imp. 'Then what did you do in the shop?' said he, 'why did you go in there when nobody else was in sight?' Without an instant's hesitation, the imp aforesaid replied, 'A boy flung my cap into the shop for a lark—and I went arter it—that's all, your worship!'"

"But this," said I, "did not get him off?"

"Of course not," replied Mr. Tweezer; "his defence was received with a burst of laughter, and he was ordered two days' imprisonment, and to be whipped."

"Some private room, then, is attached to the magistrate's office for this summary process of whipping;" said I, "and the boy is afterwards taken to a place of confinement near at hand, I suppose?"

"Oh, by no means," exclaimed Mr. Tweezer; "don't imagine that matters are conducted in any such simple, convenient, and inexpensive form as that. Something elaborate, costly, and quite unnecessary, is the rule on these occasions. There is no private room attached to any magistrate's office for the summary castigation of infant criminals; neither are they confined in any House of Correction near at hand, for the four-and-twenty, or eight-and-forty, hours' imprisonment, which they are sometimes ordered. No, no; a far more imposing paraphernalia is considered requisite. The little urchin—and, of course, it often occurs that there is only one—is duly conducted to the huge, black, close-covered police-van, with its pair of fine horses, coachman, police-guard outside behind, and, perhaps, a second policeman seated inside along with 'the prisoner.' Away they drive, in dark solemnity, through

the streets, 'the observed of all observers,' and take their way to Westminster, and then through a variety of squalid streets and ways, till they arrive at the great Tothill Fields Bridewell. The massive gates are unlocked—inward rolls the sombre van—more gates are unlocked—the prisoners are ordered to alight—and, behold! out gets a little, dirty, ragged, trembling, half-fledged London Sparrow, and is deposited on the broad gravel-walk leading up to the Governor's house! He is then left standing, with scared looks, staring round at the great stony solitude of dead walls and blind buildings, and walls with black *chevaux-de-frise* of iron along the tops of them, till relieved by the arrival of an officer, who 'conducts him to his apartment,' where in presence of 'his medical attendant,' he is duly introduced by the proper officer to 'his birch-rod,' and is then placed in solitary confinement during the remaining four-and-twenty hours of the term of his sentence!"

"And you have seen all this, sir?" said I.

"No," replied Mr. Tweezer, "not with my own eyes. I have never been to Bridewell; but I was told it all—in fact, the whole scene was described to me, and many such, by one of the policemen who attended the van, and was, no doubt, indignant at so much trouble, expense, and formality for so insignificant a result. He was a very large-made, powerful man—has since left 'the force,' and gone as porter on the Great Western Railway."

"But, good heavens, Mr. Tweezer!" exclaimed I, "can a wise and paternal government devise no better machinery than all this for the prevention of juvenile and infant crime? Prevention do I say?—why there's no attempt at prevention in this. It is simply a costly arrangement for inflicting small punishments, the effect of which may not, perhaps, be of much longer duration than the period of confinement—unless, indeed, it tends to harden and exasperate, and render the culprits more cunning for the future."

"You are quite right," replied my friend Tweezer, "as to the view you take of these trivial and numerous punishments of the infant thieves; but you are not doing justice to the arrangements of the Tothill Fields Bridewell, if you suppose they do no more than this. In this prison are hundreds of women of all ages, as well as hundreds of boys of all ages, from six to fifteen; many of these are ordered imprisonment for periods of two or three years; and when this is the case, they are each taught to read and write, and are instructed in some trade, according to the aptitude they evince. In many instances—for picking pockets, you know, my dear sir, requires an expert hand, especially when they contrive to take every thing a gentleman has about him—in many instances, therefore, the prisoners became skillful workmen, so that on leaving the prison, they are able to earn an honest living. And this, at least fifty per cent. of them are found to do."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "excellent and comforting as all this is, which you tell me, it really seems like beginning at the wrong end. First, the paternal government allows its children to become thieves without a single effort at prevention; and then, when prevention is a work of very great difficulty, and requires a great expenditure of money and time, to produce a doubtful result—or only fifty per cent. of ultimate good—then, only, the idea of education, instruction, and training in moral and personal habits, seems to occur to the sagacious brains of our legislators. Look at the scurvy sum granted for what they dared to call 'National Education!' and look at the taxes I pay for all sorts of other things! Protection, forsooth! and taxes for the 'Public Service!' why are my contributions to the public service of so little good to me, in respect of the safety of my personal property, that I must needs pay, in addition, the sum total of a gold watch—a silver snuff-box—two handkerchiefs—a diamond shirt-pin—a pair of gold spectacles—a box of Tolu lozenges, and a handsomely bound copy of Izaak Walton's 'Complete Angler,' in order to be protected, in certain statistical ratios and degrees, from a similar occurrence in future, which may, nevertheless, happen to-morrow!"

From the "Albion."

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

BY C. G. LELAND.

CENTURIES have roll'd away
Since I saw my natal day,
And have now, in different forms
Lived in sunshine—lived in storms.

As an eagle I begun,
Gazing on the fiery sun;
Thus I ever love the light,
Glory never dimm'd my sight:
Therefore, love, thy wondrous glance
Holds me oft in raptured trance;
None like me so well can prize
All the sunlight of thine eyes!

After that, it seemeth me
I became a honey-bee.
Every sweeten'd flower I knew,
And from all their honey drew:
Even yet I often feel
This bee-nature o'er me steal,
Prompting thoughts of nectar'd sips,
Leading, darling, to thy lips!

Lived I not in *Life* alone,
Other forms this form hath known:
In the days of courtly love
I became a Lady's glove,
Bordered with orfévry dear—
Trimmed with silk and minivere.
Therefore, love, thou'lt understand
Why I seek to press thy hand.

I became a prayer-book then,
Loved by ladies—scorn'd by men:
And my mistress, day and night,
Conn'd in me—the marriage rite.
Thus I feel (without regret)
Very like a prayer-book yet:
Love in Heaven and Earth we see,
Seek thy marriage, love, in *me!*

VENETIAN SERENADE.

Oh! linger not, love, for the beams of the moon
Are lighting our path o'er the glassy lagoon;
The yellow sand sparkles like gold on the shore,
And ripples of silver are laving my oar.

Night reigns o'er the world with her gem-crested brow,
And mirrors her stars in the waters below;
The air is delicious, with spice-breathing flowers,
That pour forth their odors from fairy-wrought bowers.

'Tis just such an hour, when, with those whom we love,
The soul might forget there's a heaven above;
In a moment so precious, so blissfully dear,
The rapt spirit might fancy that heaven was here.

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prevents its keeping so.

The *art* of poetry is to touch the passions, and its *duty* to lead them on the side of virtue.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK,

IN A SECOND LETTER TO A COUNTRY FRIEND.

You ask what has been uppermost in the talk for the week gone by? Indeed I can hardly say; for the chat has varied like the complexion of our May-day sky, which

> "Now shows all the beauty of the sun,
> And by-and-by, a cloud takes all away."

The anniversaries of, I know not how many societies for all sorts of benevolence have come up in their periodic march upon the hearts and purses of the town,—have filled our churches with listeners in bombazine—our hotels with demure and charity-looking faces, and our streets with black coats and starchy figures.

The speeches, which as they run year after year in the same equable current of expostulation, gratulation, and exposition—were of the same general mark and meaning as in the years gone by. And if I were to except to any thing in their mode or tenor, it would be to drop a hint toward the reform of those young country clergymen who make the May gathering in the city an occasion for a very labored and unnecessary oratorical display.

What the special result of this year's impetus may be in the way of renewed and renewing subscriptions, I am not able to tell you; but trust and hope it may be large enough and free enough to help forward what is deserving, and to add to the city reputation (and it surely has this reputation) for open-handed alms-giving.

—— Jenny, as you may well have imagined, has been ruling hearts and purses as she has been ruling ears, and has added to the fashionable triumphs of a season in Havana and New Orleans, those other and

soberer triumphs which have made worshippers of all the staid clericals, who are just now *pendulating* between Castle Garden and the Theologic book-stores.

Good music, above all, such music as flows from the throat and the soul of the Swede, cannot fail to warm a preacher's heart into a newer and finer estimate of his duty, and of the capacities of our nature; and so we may hope that JENNY'S voice may reach through the Doctors, who have glowed in the hearing of her song, to many a little back-congregation,—like the echoes of an angel's pæan.

To tell you that concerts have been thronged—that it has been commercial distinction to sell her tickets—that railways have doubled their carriages—that steamboats have wallowed to their very guards with the freight that the Nightingale has set afloat—would be only to repeat what meets your eye in every day's journal.

I may tell you though, that this—the *lionne* of the time has been met here and there, since her return, in quiet morning receptions, and that her winning, frank, and unpretending way has inspired just that sort of regard which a young woman of modesty and worth is honored in claiming.

Tripler Hall, you will perceive, has come in for a share of the concerts; but popular taste, if I do not greatly misguage, declares strongly for the large area, cool breezes, and free movements belonging to Castle Garden. Critics may love better the straitened walls of the Hall, which do not allow an echo to wander, but native ears love better the full dome by the water where the warblings of the charmer are mellowed by the waves, and the air of ocean fans the song of the syren.

If the projector of the up-town Hall had possessed the good taste and the shrewdness to give Jenny's name to his mausoleum of concerts—instead of perpetuating his vanity by a designation that has neither grace, propriety, nor approval—the Hall might have been a favorite, in spite of cramped passages and poor ventilation: as it is, we are afraid it must be reckoned one of those magnificent failures, which people wonder at and neglect.

—— We are just now in the hearing of that buzz (coming over two thousand miles of ocean) which opened the great exhibition of London; and Americans who thronged the opening are now enjoying (if enjoyment it be) the dense throngs of the metropolis and picking their way along the side-ways of the Strand.

It is a pretty sensation which steals over a man's brain when he first sets a foot on Fleet-street—old Fleet-street, out of which burly JOHNSON used to roll into his outlying court, and upon which, now-a-days, glisten the windows of such familiar men as TILT and BOGUE;—yet I will venture there is many a stranger there now, who, between the mud and the mass,—the thick fog and the oozing funds,—would be glad to set a foot again upon the cheerful side-ways of our sunny city.

Talking of the new experiences which overtake a man upon the other side of what was ocean—until the Pacific made it a river—I must draw your attention to poor GREELEY'S account of his seasickness, and his first voyage. There is something rich in looking at the every-day's table-observations of a man who has so long been philosophizing in his earnest, but self-confident way, about society and order. I dare say you may have seen the man about our streets, in his old gray hat, and his brown wrapper, with the collar awry, and his boots gaping at the toes, and his light silky hair dressed by the wind, and his keen mild eye bent upon the pavement, and his step as unsteady as that of a paralytic;—well, fancy this man, who is used to the openness of sky, and whose foot was learned among the furrows of a plough—transferred to the luxurious *salon* of an Atlantic steamer, and cooped through a fortnight of eastern winds and driving spray in the steam-smelling state-room of a hospital ship!

But lest you may not have lighted your country gravity with the mirth of his record, I shall give you a spice of it here; and the better to smack the pungency of it, I would advise the cotemporaneous reading of the driest of one of his essays on Protection to American Industry:—

"So long as I was able I walked the deck and sought to occupy my eyes, my limbs, my brains with something else than the sea and its perturbations. The attempt, however, proved a signal failure. By the time we were five miles off the Hook I was a decided case; another hour laid me prostrate, though I refused to leave the deck; at six o'clock a

friend, finding me recumbent and hopeless in the smokers' room, persuaded and helped me to go below. I unbooted and swayed into my berth, which endured me, perforce, for the next twenty-four hours. I then summoned strength to crawl on deck, because, while I remained below, my sufferings were barely less than while walking above, and my recovery hopeless.

"I shall not harrow up the souls nor the stomachs of landsmen, as yet revelling in blissful ignorance of its tortures, with any description of seasickness. They will know all in ample season; or if not, so much the better. But naked honesty requires a correction of the prevalent error that this malady is necessarily transient and easily overcome. Thousands who imagine they have been seasick on some river or lake steamboat, or during a brief sleigh-ride, are annually putting to sea with as little necessity or urgency as suffices to send them on a jaunt to Niagara or the White Mountains. They suppose they may very probably be "qualmish" for a few hours, but that (they fancy) will but heighten the general enjoyment of the voyage. Now it is quite true that any green sea-goer *may* be sick for a few hours only; he may even not be sick at all. But the *probability* is very far from this, especially when the voyage is undertaken in any other than one of the four sunniest, blandest months of the year. Of every hundred who cross the Atlantic for the first time, I am confident that two-thirds endure more than they had done in all the five years preceding—more than they would do during two months' hard labor as convicts in a State Prison. Of *our* two hundred, I think fifty did not see a healthy or really happy hour during the passage; while as many more were sufferers for at least half the time. The other hundred were mainly Ocean's old acquaintances, and on that account treated more kindly; but many of these had some trying hours.

"Utter indifference to life and all its belongings is one of the characteristics of a genuine case of seasickness No. 1. I enjoyed some opportunities for observing this during our voyage. For instance: One evening I was standing by a sick gentleman who had dragged himself or been carried on deck and laid down on a water-proof mattress which raised him two or three inches from the floor. Suddenly a great wave broke square over the bow of the ship and rushed aft in a river through either gangway —the two uniting again beyond the purser's and doctor's offices, just where the sick man lay. Any live man would have jumped to his feet as suddenly as if a rattlesnake were whizzing in his blanket; but the sufferer never moved, and the languid coolness of eye wherewith he regarded the rushing flood which made an island of him was most expressive. Happily, the wave had nearly spent its force, and was now so rapidly diffused that his refuge was not quite overflowed.

"Of course, those who have voyaged and not suffered will pronounce my general picture grossly exaggerated; wherein they will be faithful to their own experience, as I am to mine. I write for the benefit of the uninitiated, to warn them, not against braving the ocean when they must or ought, but, against resorting to it for pastime. Voyaging cannot be enjoyment to most of them; it must be suffering. The sonorous rhymesters in praise of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' 'The Sea! the Sea! the Deep Blue Sea!' &c., were probably never out of sight of land in a gale in their lives."

A seasick letter throughout! A very natural train of reflections for our poor friend in the white hat; but he must not be suffered to condemn thus, by his wide remark—a life upon the ocean. When the Editor of the *Tribune* shall have digested the Fair and the suffering Irish, and supped—as he will sup —on the claims of the languishing Hungarians; when he shall have dieted on the chicken-broth of Wiesbaden, and made himself strong with the tidiest corked bottles of crystal Pomard—let him ship on an August morning, upon a jaunty Havre Packet, and skim around the jetty, under the tow of a wheezing steamer, and leave the chalk land of France, under a swelling summer wind, that fills the canvas to the royals, and share the cabin with an exuberant Hungarian refugee, and a gossiping woman of five-and-twenty, and boom homeward at twelve knots the hour—with fresh milk at breakfast, and plenty of scarfalatti for his pipe—and, my word for it, the now seasick philosopher will regale us on his return with something like —an ode to the ocean!

—— You have heard something here and there—at least I think it—of the new stated science (?) of Electro-Biology. It is certainly curious enough to point a wonder even in this day of Dodges and curiosities. The affair of M. GANDON and nephew, about which I have told you something, was difficult enough to be understood; but, here we have not only a twinship of mind, but an absolute magnetic power of one mind over that of dozens of others.

I shall cut for you, from the *Morning Chronicle*, the last reports of what Dr. DARLING has been doing in this way; and the *Morning Chronicle*, as you know, is not a

paper given specially to the search after *flummery*, or humbug of any sort:—

"We lately witnessed at Willis's Rooms, conducted by Dr. Darling, of Glasgow, a series of experiments in 'Electro-Biology,' the results of which, supposing the proceedings to have been perfectly *bonâ fide*—and we have no reason to doubt the fact—seems to show the possession by the experimenter of a control over the nervous and muscular system of other individuals, which we can only compare to the powers attributed to magicians and necromancers in fairy tales. 'Electro-Biology,' as the science, or process, or whatever it may be, is vaguely and inaptly called, seems a sort of first cousin of mesmerism. There are, however, distinct points of difference. Mesmerism is said to act by sympathy between the operator and the patient. Biology, according to its believers, infers the absolute power and control of one brain and nervous organization over another, without the existence of any sympathetic links whatever. Neither was there in these experiments any of the somnambulism, stupor, or dreaming, produced by mesmerism. The experimenter devoted himself to influencing and controlling the muscles and nerves of the patients, or their thinking faculties in a single department, particularly their memory of a certain fact, without producing or aiming at the production of a general abnormal mental condition. The results of the experiments made, and of the questions put, we shall detail in a few plain sentences.

"After some introductory observations, Dr. Darling called upon any of the audience who pleased to come forward and be experimented upon. About four and twenty individuals—all, with the exception of a boy of ten or so, adults—mounted the platform, and were ranged seated in a double row facing each other. To each the experimenter gave a small zinc medal to be held in the left hand, with the eyes, and as far as possible the attention, of the individual kept fixed upon it. Strict silence and abstinence from motion were also enjoined. During the pause which ensued the doctor paced silently between his patients, feeling their foreheads with his hand. Some appeared inclined to drowsiness, others were evidently wide awake, and a few tittered audibly. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the doctor gathered up his zinc medals, and selected five patients, including the boy, as having become impregnated with the mysterious influence—a fact which he seemed to ascertain by gazing keenly into and passing his hands over the eyes of the experimentees. The obdurate gentlemen then descended amid the audience, and the experiments commenced with the favored five.

"Of these, it is proper to say that one, the boy, had been several times operated on; that three, we think, had been once operated upon, but by Dr. Darling's colleague, Mr. Stone, at the Marylebone Literary Institution; and that one gentleman had never before been present at any *seance* of the sort. This latter individual manifested a medium degree of susceptibility. The highest degree was shown by the boy and one of the adults—both apparently of sanguine temperament. That of the other gentlemen appeared to be of nervous-bilious. The particulars of the past experience of the patients were not stated by the doctor, but elicited by the audience. The susceptible adult had on a former occasion shown only a very modified degree of liability to the influence, but the doctor stated that his power generally increased with every series of experiments made upon the same individual. The first efforts were made on the muscles of the eyelids. One by one, the patients were told to shut their eyes, then to open them if they could, until the experimenter allowed them. The trial seemed successful in all the cases. Each gentleman assured the audience that the muscles were for the time perfectly paralyzed. The muscles of the tongue were next tried, and three, we think, of the five rendered unable to utter a word. The others stammered out a syllable or two with great apparent difficulty. Of the five, the power of memory, as regarded the ability to recal the words 'Willis's Rooms' and 'London,' seemed perfectly suspended in three. The strenuous mental efforts to call up the missing ideas were ludicrously portrayed in the faces of the individuals. One gentleman said, 'Stay, stay, I have it on the tip of my tongue, but I cannot bring it out.' All of them joined in assuring the audience of the reality of the sudden and partial blank in their memories. In conducting his experiments, Dr. Darling assumed an air and attitude of rigid command, apparently summoning mind and muscle to powerful efforts of volition, making rapid and vigorous passes over the muscles to be affected, and loudly and authoritatively enouncing the orders of his will. Three out of the five were also made to stammer in speaking. Then the muscles of the arms were appealed to. Those of the boy and the sanguine-colored adult were perfectly obedient to the biologist's will, despite the efforts apparently made by the individuals to resist it, and which they declared produced muscular pain at the shoulders and elbows. The adult patient was as it were nailed to his chair by the volition of the operator—then prevented from sitting down, although every muscle quivered with the exertion; the chair was then made to feel so hot beneath him that he could not remain seated; and finally, the palate and the eye were affected. At the command

of the operator water tasted hot, cold, bitter, and like port-wine—then the patient was made to see horrible reptiles crawling in the glass, coming over the edge, and wriggling up his arm. The seemingly natural energy with which he brushed off the imaginary beings excited a great deal of interest. Upon recovering, he said that he knew all along that what he saw was only a delusion, but that for his life he could not resist the natural impulse to beat the insects away. Finally, this gentleman was ordered to see—and stated that he did see—a horse upon the platform. He passed his hand round the outline of the animal's form. Some curious experiments were also made upon the boy's powers of vision. He was made to mistake a halfpenny for a sovereign, and *vice versa*, and the latter coin being placed upon the ground, it was curious to see the impotent groping of his fingers as he vainly attempted to pick it up."

THE BOOK WORLD.

In this month of angling you will have been very apt to lay your hand upon HERBERT'S *Fish and Fishing*. If so, you will have found—what all the world has found it—a beautiful book; with nicely executed drawings of fishes, and some dozen or more of picturesque tail-pieces from the facile pencil of the author. HERBERT seems, by general consent, to have passed into the degree of Nestor, in the matter of American sports. This is not a new book I speak of, but a new edition of a two-year-old book; and, being such, has adjuncts of preface, pictures, and appendix, which make it even with the times.

There are rare fish-stories set down in the volume which will whet your appetite for the rod; and there are recipes for chowder, and what not, which you will study on your next yacht service upon the coast. HERBERT writes as if he loved fish—very well in the brook—better on the rod—but better still in the pan. I don't know but, like a good sportsman, he may resent this as a reproach. In that case, he should not have cooked his fish so well.

It is an augury of new and deeper attention to the amusements of the field with the American world, when the publishers—Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND—are justified (as we learn they abundantly are) in giving such choice appearance to a sportsman's book.

—— There is another volume just in the honeymoon of marriage to the public favor, which I beg you to get;—first, because it is so good, and second, because it is so cheap Its author is a man of quite uncommon talent, and, ten years hence, his name will be well enough known to make any such information as I give you here, impertinent. He is a Westerner, and his name, M'CONNEL. His book is the *Glenns*, and the publisher, CHAS. SCRIBNER.

—— Have your eyes yet fallen upon the beautiful typography, and English-looking paper of a new journal, strangely called the *White Man's Journal?* What it is to be is hard to make out. It speaks in strong terms of the influence and importance of Mr. BENNET, and his *Herald;* and commends in flowing periods Mr. FOSTER'S books, and Mr. LESTER'S *Illustrious Americans*. It proposes to make a new era in American Journalism, and has a column or two upon Mr. LONG'S *Tom Racquet and Company*. It is probably not intended for an abolition paper, or for a religious one.

—— There is a beautiful little volume of Irish verse which it will do your heart good to read and to buy. It has been published by Mr. STRONG of Nassau-street, and is written by WM. MULCHINOCK. It is not of the ordinary riff-raff sort of verse, which sickens in the publishing and dies in the reading; but it has a vitality shining in the lines which tell of a warm heart with deep and broad pulsations, and of a ready brain, tempted by discretion.

The words run out honeyedly, and carry a burden of feeling which makes you feel kindly toward the man who wrote them, and give to him a hearty thanking for a blessing.

—— I must not leave my talk of books without noting in addition, the appearance of a new tragedy by a Southern Lady, Miss LOUISA MCCORD. It is unfair to speak of a lady's book in the slight, gossiping way in which I reel you off my letters; but when my wit is dry, I shall do myself the pleasure of following CAIUS GRACCHUS to his *exit*.

The first blush of summer is quickening us here in the city to a search for what—in the way of reading—will relieve the hotness of the coming weeks; and whatever shall be hit upon that "cools us to a charm" shall be named to you by me, with a summer blessing on the head of the author.

I remain, yours, &c., ——